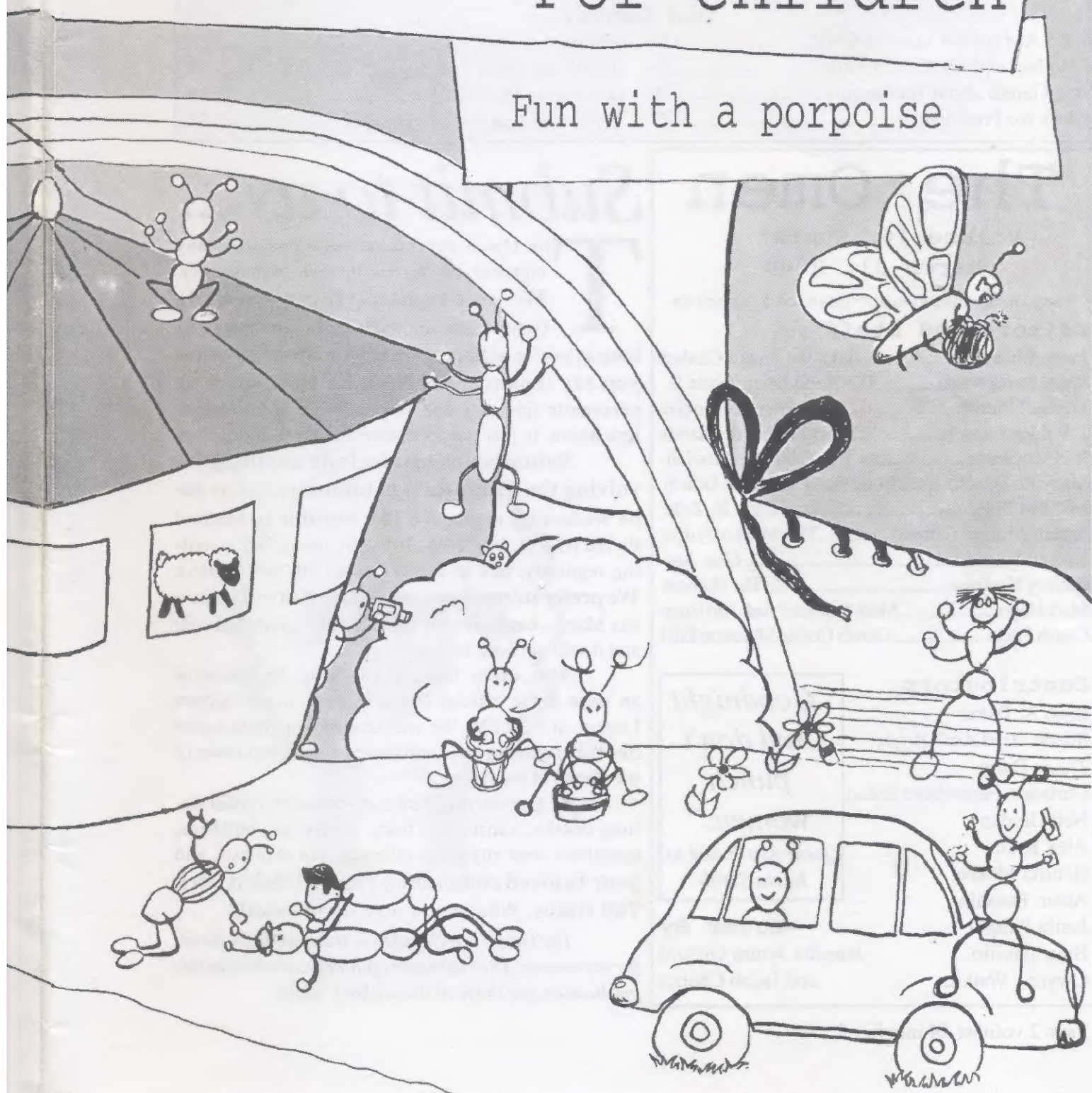


The Omen

For Children

Fun with a porpoise



c o n t e n t s

New Monkey

Mr. Kreit Goes to Washington.....	4	Phat Tuesday.....	16
Gotta Get Back in Time.....	6	Beaver Fever!.....	22
Community Council Must Die.....	8	Last Desparate Attempt.....	24
Gaping Vagina!.....	10	To a Little White Dove.....	25
You Got Your Porn in my New Music.....	11	Rapper's Deelite.....	26
Prison Made Me Hard.....	12	Kills Bugs Dead.....	29

Old Monkey

It's 5 AM for the Love of God!.....	13	Watchin' the Oscars.....	27
I Do Not and That's Not Funny.....	14	Ask Wade about Teabagging.....	28
Ask Gareth about Teabagging.....	20	One Fierce Beer Coaster.....	30
Glark for President.....	21	THO: The Audience is Watching.....	31

The Omen

Volume 14, Number 5
March 31, 2000

hamp.hampshire.edu/~omen/old_archive

Editors and Staff

Jacob Chabot.....	Jake the Snake Chabot
Wade Stuckwisch.....	The Road Dogg Wade S.
Michael Pierce.....	Pierce is Jericho
J. Wilder Konschak.....	Blockhead Blockhands
Jess VanScoy.....	Jess The Fabulous Moolah
Michelle Beach.....	Stone Cold Michelle Beach
Michael Zole.....	KoKo B. Zole
Jennifer Jymm Gifford.....	The Macho Jymm
Keely Flynn.....	Mrs. Ass
Zachary Kaufman.....	The Phenom
Mark Hugo.....	Mark the Heartbreak Kid Hugo
Gareth Edel.....	Gareth Gorilla Monsoon Edel

Contributors

Evan A. Baker
Shaun "Bad Ass" Boyle
Travis Dale
Christine Fernsebner Eslao
Neil Golden
Alex Kreit
Gabriel Mckee
Adam Panshin
Justin Philpot
Bren Tamilio
Gwynne Watkins

*"Goodnight.
And don't
punch
women."*

*Quote Attributed to
Kevin Smith*

Cover By

Jennifer Jymm Gifford
and Jacob Chabot

Submit to us ...

The *Omen* accepts submissions from any member of the Hampshire community.

We won't edit anything you write

(unless it's for spelling or grammar), as

long as you're willing to **be responsible for what you say** (sign your real **NAME**). Libel, which we personally find amusing and entertaining for countless hours, is just not an option in this forum.

Submissions can include anything involving the Hampshire community and are due on Wednesday nights at 8 PM. **Submit to Michael Pierce** (C-411, box 916). If you're interested in writing regularly, talk to Jacob Chabot (B-308, x4445). **We prefer submissions on disk**—IBM or high density Mac—but hard copy is okay. Label your stuff well and it will get back to you.

Also, every Tuesday following the release of an issue is the official *Omen* meeting in the Airport Lounge at 9:30 PM. We will discuss important topics like the upcoming issue and the ever-prevalent dawn of the Planet of the Apes.

So give us your news, commentary, short fiction, comics, satire, first born, poetry, art, bulletins, questions, and anything else you can think of, and **your beloved community rag will dish it back 700 times. What better way to be heard?**

The Omen is a completely nonpartisan forum for expression. The views and opinions expressed in this publication are those of the authors' alone.



The Human Speaks!

An Editorial

by Jacob Chabot

The following are mere jigsaw pieces, put together from my point of view. I'm not going to tell you what to make of this information. I'm not even going to pretend that I know the whole story. The fact that I don't know is what this is all about. This is not meant to be an attack on Isaac Curtis, Alan Marquardt, or Community Council. I feel that we deserve answers.

A while back in February, before the poster issue, Community Council member Travis Dale informed me of a note from Community Council Chair Isaac Curtis to Ficomm Chair Alan Marquardt in the Council office that said not to process any *Omen* paperwork until the investigation was complete. When we confronted Isaac about this note, he said it was about a large tip from one of the World Wrestling Collective's RFPs. When we reminded him that the note said *Omen* paperwork, he mumbled some stuff about just an issue of a few large tips on *Omen* RFPs. Ficomm has never asked us about any large tips on *Omen* RFPs. The *Omen* has never left an abnormally large tip. Community Council has no right to freeze a groups paperwork without telling them. As far as I can tell, our paperwork was never actually frozen. There have been delays in

payment, lost receipts, and a general "fine tooth combing" on our RFP's, but this might be because of general incompetence from Ficomm.

Date: Wed, 1 Mar 2000 10:17:53 -0500 (EST)

From: Community Council <ccouncil@helios.hampshire.edu>

To: jrc96@hampshire.edu, jtv98@hampshire.edu, mip98@hampshire.edu

Subject: Paperwork, informal warning

Omen Signers:

I'm writing this as an informal warning before a formal letter from Council is sent to you within the week. Community Council has passed a motion that will freeze *Omen* funding until your signers are replaced if the *Omen* takes any additional action in violation of either its charter, the community norms as laid out in NSNS, or the College Constitution. The paperwork turned in (RFP: Wade Stuckwisch, \$9.40) has been rejected because it is requesting that school funding go to support actions made in violation of the Hampshire College Constitution. These will be outlined further in a formal letter from Council. This is an informal letter to give you advanced notice that any actions made in violation of these three documents from this moment forward will freeze

your funding and have your signers' rights removed. A formal letter will be drafted and sent within the week.

Isaac Curtis

Community Council Chair

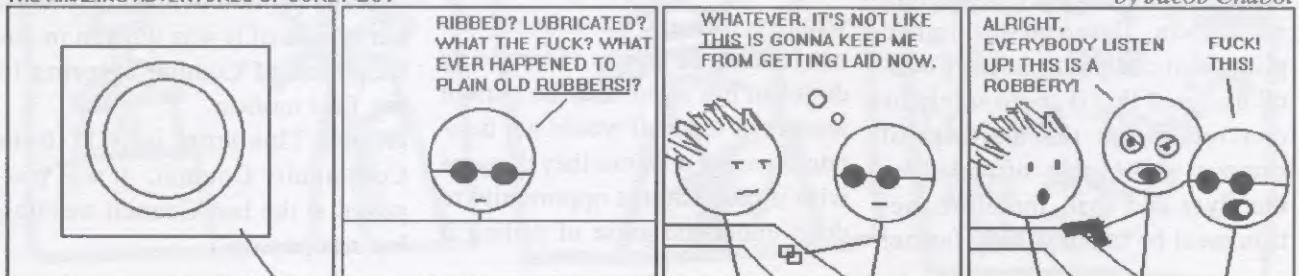
This was the e-mail that we received after the poster incident. It was the first we ever heard from Community Council regarding the poster issue. It states that we have already violated the College Constitution and Community Norms. All student groups are required to abide by their charter and Community Norms. **Only The Omen has a policy ON PAPER that states that our funding will be frozen and signers will have to be switched immediately if we do so.** As I write this, we still have yet to see a formal letter.

The next week, Wade Stuckwisch and I went to a Ficomm meeting to appeal his \$9.40 request for payment. We were told by Alan Marquardt that Wade's RFP had merely been tabled until the issue died down. Wade would have to re-submit the RFP because Isaac had written "void" on the original. When asked about this e-mail, and why it

continued on page 7

THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF SURLY BOY

by Jacob Chabot



Jacob Chabot is Frank Costella

COMMENTARY



From the Horse's Mouth

by Alex Kreit

Earlier this semester I was elected to Community Council as an "at-large" representative. When I decided to run I was excited about the possibility of getting involved with Council and spending time bringing the campus together to work on important issues. Unfortunately, after two meetings, it has become clear to me that the leaders of Community Council are concerned only with their own views and consistently take action that escalates conflict on this campus and stands in the way of productive dialogue. Many Council members seem to be using their positions of power to get the upper hand in personal disputes with other community members and advance their own political agendas even if they are clearly inconsistent with the wishes of the majority of our community. The way Council has chosen to deal with *The Omen* flyer has particularly highlighted these problems.

Since the flyer was posted there have been two Council meetings. The first meeting was held the same day the flyer was posted, leaving little time to accurately gauge the community response. Nevertheless, many Council members had personal problems with the flyer and a few other students came to the meeting to complain about them. Based on this limited glimpse at campus opinion, Council declared that it could safely be concluded that the majority of campus was highly offended by the flyer and that, therefore, action must be taken to stop further

flyering. With this in mind, Council passed a motion to send a threatening letter to *The Omen* stating that their funding will be frozen if they do anything else that "violates community norms." Council's treatment of the issue, including seriously entertaining the idea of bringing legal action against *The Omen* for sexual harassment, soon became common knowledge and caused more problems and conflict on campus than the flyers themselves had.

It soon became clear that the community was very concerned with the way Council handled *The Omen* flyer. The response in every public forum, from the open community meeting held the day after the flyer to the Daily Jolt poll and discussion, showed that the majority of students were very upset with Council's attempts to limit speech on campus. Many were especially concerned by the fact that Council had taken action against the three signers for *The Omen* without first giving them the opportunity to respond to Council's accusations and concerns.

Council's actions has left some student groups and their signers afraid, and rightfully so, that something they say may offend the wrong person and leave them without funding or worse. There is no doubt in my mind that the current leaders of Council would not hesitate to censor opinions they disagree with if they had the opportunity to do it under the guise of calling it

"offensive speech."

Hampshire's student body prides itself on being unconventional. From the dude who lives out in the woods to the crazy lunch lady Roberta, ours is a community of oddities. To say that Hampshire has any identifiable "norms" of expression other than "strange" is ridiculous.

Our community, unlike our Community Council, has recognized that the best way to resolve problems like *The Omen* poster is through open and honest discussion. We all, for the most part, think that sexism, racism, and homophobia are terrible problems in our culture and want to fight against them. We all want to get along. Punishing people for speaking won't help us achieve our goals.

Because of the strong reaction in the community I felt that Council would certainly recognize that it had not reacted properly to the flyer. I proposed two motions at the last meeting to give Council the opportunity to alleviate concerns around campus. The first was to overturn the motion threatening *The Omen*'s funding as it clearly went against the wishes of most students on campus. The second was to send a letter of explanation from Council to the community. Unfortunately neither motion passed. The proposed letter is printed below. The third paragraph of it was written in anticipation of Council agreeing to my first motion.

(Note: This letter is NOT from Community Council. It was proposed at the last Council meeting but not passed.)

To: Hampshire College Community
From: Community Council

A few weeks ago *The Omen* posted a flyer that many of us believed to be offensive. The flyer was posted on the day of our last scheduled meeting before spring break and a few students came to the meeting to complain about it and call for immediate action. We felt the need to act quickly in this matter and, in doing so, unintentionally escalated the conflict over the flyer and unfairly treated *The Omen*.

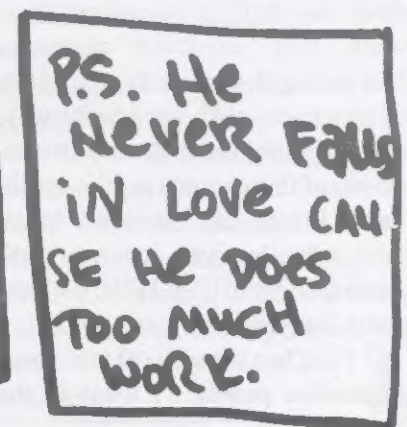
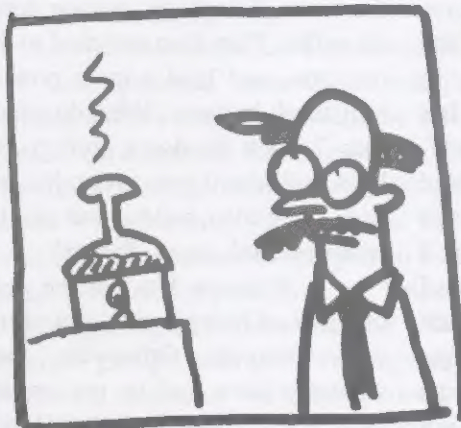
Council attempted to contact members of *The Omen* before the meeting so they could attend and explain their side of the issue. However, because of the short notice no one from *The Omen* was reached and there were no *Omen* representatives present at the meeting. In the absence of representation for *The Omen* many people participating in the discussion, including many members of Council, made assumptions about *The Omen's* motives behind the posters and misrepresented *The Omen* by treating these assumptions as facts. Additionally Council wrongly assumed that the majority of the campus believed *The Omen's* posters violated community norms and were unacceptable on this campus.

Acting on these assumptions we passed a number of motions one of which limits *The Omen's* right to speech by pledging to freeze funding to *The Omen* if it places more offensive flyers on campus. After further consideration and discussion of the issue among the Hampshire community it is clear that this decision was hastily made and is out of step with the opinions of the majority of our fellow students. The majority of students have expressed a dedication to protecting free expression on this campus and have said that, offensive or not, *The Omen* should not be punished for their flyers. For this reason we have decided to overturn the motion passed at the last Council meeting that places limits on *The Omen's* speech by threatening to freeze their funding.

By responding quickly to student's concerns about *The Omen* flyer we hoped to alleviate tension surrounding the issue and to ensure that all members of our community felt safe to express their views. Unfortunately, by acting before hearing *The Omen's* side or having time to accurately assess the community's feeling about the flyer we inadvertently caused more conflict. Furthermore, by seriously discussing the possibility of bringing legal action against members of our own community and passing a motion to limit speech, we created an atmosphere where some students may now feel less secure in their right to speak freely on campus.

Community Council is dedicated to promoting open, honest, and productive dialogue here at Hampshire on all issues, particularly those relating to race, gender, and class concerns. In order to do this it is important that *every* member of our community feels comfortable speaking freely, especially about controversial matters. We apologize if the manner in which we responded to *The Omen* flyer unintentionally contributed to the problems surrounding it. In the future we will take special care to deal carefully with controversial issues. We will not let time constraints prevent us from making informed decisions that take all sides into consideration.

PROFESSOR AWESOME BY NEIL GARDEN



Grow Up and Stop Whining, Dammit!!

by Adam Panshin

Editor's Note: In the general hubbub around last issue, this article was accidentally left out. It partially pertains to issues that were current at the time. Now, I know this might be hard, but I want you to TRY AND REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED A FEW WEEKS AGO when reading this article.

Well, here I am. Writing an article for *The Omen*. And you know why? Because I'm bloody pissed off. So I'm writing an *Omen* article, in the *older* style. First and second years, ask around if you haven't heard the stories yet.

Now for the rest of the lazy slob who didn't do that, I'm going to tell you what that means. It means a good number of you are going to be royally pissed off by the time I'm done. And that's good. Because I'm trying to get some real discussion going. And if the only way to get you energized enough to actually **do** something is a rant about what bugs me, fine.

Right; first off, Community Council. I had something I wanted talked about, namely the dorm doors (more on that later). So I actually went to the last meeting. My first mistake. Turned out it was really just pre-decided panels talking with observers, and open floor at the end if there was time. OK, sure, I'll give it a shot. So I'm sitting there for half a smegging hour while they introduce everyone. One poor girl, talking about the lack of awareness of Hampshire history, actually said, "the collective unconscious of this campus is, like, really bad." Please, if you don't know what "collective unconscious" means, DON'T USE IT!!! Go read some Jung, then you can talk.

Then we split off into small discussion panels. I went to the

"Service Contracts" group, because I wanted to know when the 30 year old cable line would be replaced. (Yes, that's why we now get 20 channels. Bet you hadn't even heard that much.) The panel was supposed to cover phones, SAGA, and the cable, all in 20-30 minutes. But after one intelligent question, I got ten minutes of idiots babbling about what Sodexho-Marriot food services had to do with co-parent company Sodexho's privately run prisons, with no end in sight. HELLO?!? Every corp's got its shady lines. We were supposed to be talking about SAGA, not debating corporate structure! In fact, we were supposed to be talking about a lot of things, but that wasn't happening either. So I walked out. Doing my laundry is a better use of time than this.

Now the juicy one, the dorm doors. Me oh my, where to start. How about with why it's important to me. It's not just the inconvenience. Life is full of them, I deal. It's what it does to me and my friends. It means having off-campus friends visit requires planning. Hell, even having friends from Merrill visit me in Dakin is a chore! It makes this campus feel that much more isolated. I *enjoyed* being able to just swing over to Merrill to see if anything interesting was going on. Now, it requires advance planning, or a call from the phone. But often, people are in lounges, not their rooms. And it's not just "dropping by" any more.

Some people have pointed out that at Umass, dorms have guards that check ID's. Well if I wanted to be at Umass, I'd go there! Instead, I'm paying an obscene amount of money to go to a college with the third lowest violent crime rate in **the country**. And it's not

like it's a real obstacle to anyone serious about getting in. Just stand in the quad till a door opens, run over, and you've got the full run of Dakin or Merrill. As I said, inconvenience only. As a friend pointed out, **it's more dangerous for a woman being attacked at 2 AM to be locked out and have to fumble for keys, then for her to be attacked inside where over a dozen people will hear her when she screams.**

Others say it's about making women feel safe, or keep a straight face and maintain that it's for safety. Well, screw that! Like I tried to point out last semester (before the morons started shouting), there are so many other things we could be doing to make people safer. Let me tell you a little story. When I was first touring Hampshire, oh, three years ago now, I stayed the night in Amherst. And while I was out exploring, I ran into a march. See, there'd been a string of rapes and attacks (like now), and almost a THOUSAND women and men were holding a candlelight march through the center of Amherst, shutting down all traffic. They then marched to the common, and held a mass protest/rally/teach-in there. What do we do today? Lock the doors, turn up the light, and hope it goes away. No, my bad. They also handed out plastic whistles. Pink, even. *snort*

It seems I'm not the only one sick of being locked out of my own campus. Otherwise they wouldn't have had to put up the


continued on next page

continued from previous page

recent posters about not propping the doors open. Now if they'd also instituted universal dorm keys, they *might* have a leg to stand on. But really, why the hell am I being locked out of my own campus? I'd planned to write a witty retort on it, but someone beat me to the punch (if more vulgarly than I'd have done). Except the next day, I came along to find the comment blanked out with a black marker. If you're so over sensitive you can't handle a little criticism of your action, go move to a isolated commune, where everyone agrees with you, and leave us in peace.

Which very subtly moves us into the latest fiasco, the poster issue. So *The Omen* posters weren't in the best taste. SO WHAT! Most commercials on TV annoy me. As a Pennsylvanian and Philadelphia suburb resident, I find the "If Mumia dies, Philly fries." posters very offensive. But you don't see me going around tearing them down, or writing "If Mumia dies, it'll save trees' lives." on them. Everyone's got a right to their opinions, even the drooling jackasses and Mumia cultists. If you didn't like the posters, you should stand up at the next community council meeting and say so. Or

better yet, write an article in *The Omen* about it! Hey, they've got to print it. What better way to protest, than by making them print an article about what naughty girls and boys they were for making those posters.

Well, I'm just about ranted out. So, how do y'all feel? Before you tell me, let me say; I don't want to hear it. Anything sent to me will be shredded or deleted without reading. You have something to say, write your own damn *Omen* article! I'm trying to get some fucking debate going here, not a private flamewar. Whether you agree with me 100%, or want to rip my lungs out, write  to *The Omen* saying so.

continued from page 3


said that they had already decided not to pay the RFP, Alan told us that it was a mistake. It was something Isaac sent out, that Alan knew about, and it was a mistake. When asked about the note to freeze paperwork until the investigation was complete, he said it was something Isaac wrote and he was basically ignoring it.

I requested the minutes from the Community Council meeting where the *Omen* poster was discussed. I was told that I could not have them until they had been approved by Council. I have been told by former Community Council Secretary Travis Dale that this is not true, I could have them as long as I understood that they had not been approved. When I relayed this information and asked for them again, my request was ignored. Wade also requested the minutes separately and was told they would be posted on the Internet soon. They have not yet been posted. There are no minutes from any meeting posted on the Community Council website. Community Council prides itself on trying to let the community have access to minutes and know what they are doing.

We went to the last Ficom meeting and Wade's RFP was approved. Isaac Curtis was present at this meeting and we asked him about the investigation. He told us that a student, not Council, had been researching student activity funding for a class and had decided to take it further with *The Omen* and The WWC. Isaac wanted to make sure that this person remained anonymous. Our files are public record. This mystery person is investigating *The Omen* and The WWC, two totally separate groups with different signers but common prominent members, Wade Stuckwisch, Benni Pierce, and myself. We asked Isaac about the note again. He

replied with the same statement about a large tip on one of the WWC's RFPs. We reminded him again that this was about *Omen* paperwork. Alan Marquardt said that this note was personal correspondence and Travis should have just ignored it. Travis Dale is a current Community Council member and former bookkeeper, so is well within his rights to ask questions regarding paperwork.

Last week, Travis Dale, Wade Stuckwisch and I got a message in our mail from Bob Garmirian, Director of Outdoor Program and Recreational Athletics that said to see him immediately regarding funding. When we got in touch with him, he wanted to warn us that several students had been talking to Student Affairs about an offensive WWC poster that used the word "fuck," and wanted to know why they were funding a group that would offend people. Through conversation it was revealed that the poster in question was one of the infamous H.J. posters. Neither Wade Stuckwisch nor I are WWC signers. Bob Garmirian would have no reason to contact me regarding this issue unless my name was brought up. The other WWC signers were not contacted on this issue.

Opinion time! In light of the general atmosphere on campus right now regarding *The Omen*, these things don't seem coincidental. The WWC is even being brought into this. It seems a stretch that people would consider the use of the word "fuck" ("The whole fucking H.J. story" being the context) offensive and that they would attribute this poster to the WWC. Community Council is being shady about this whole deal, giving us murky reasons and contradictory statements. Color me paranoid, but I  think someone is out to get us.

Motion to Abolish Community Council

brought by Travis Dale, Merrill House Representative.
(x4445, ttd97@hamp)

Submitted by Travis Dale

Note: This motion will be discussed at the next Community Council meeting, April 4, at 3:30, probably in the FPH Faculty Lounge.

Whereas Hampshire College is an experimenting, innovative college. The community deserves a truly democratic method of making community life decisions.

Whereas Hampshire College Community Council is inherently neither truly democratic, nor adequately representative. Decisions are made with a minimum of factual information, diverse input, or thoughtful consideration. Issues are routinely personalized and debated with emotion rather than thoughtfulness. Accomplishments of Community Council are few, as so much time and effort is invested to simply keep the body functioning, as well as constantly reviewing the causes and solutions to Council's own lack of effectiveness; there is often little time or energy to deal with real issues.

Whereas a significant number of students are so dissatisfied and frustrated with Council, they refuse to become involved in community life issues. Their voices are not heard.

So be it resolved that the community hold a referendum to determine whether or not to replace Community Council with another more democratic decision making process, and to determine the nature of that process.

So be it resolved that the community will hold several meetings to discuss alternatives to Community Council, and the referendum will be held no more than three weeks from when this motion is passed. The referendum will be a choice between whether to abolish Community Council or not, and if so, to choose from a number of detailed alternatives.

So be it resolved if the community chooses to abolish Council, there will be an adjustment period of at least one semester and no more than two, where Council will coexist as a decision making body with the new alter-

native. After the first semester, if Council feels it has been satisfactorily replaced, it may vote to abolish itself at any time. Only a second referendum can cancel the first.

So be it resolved that current members of Community Council take responsibility for helping to advertise the discussion of a new system, for getting as many community members involved in the process as possible, and for advocating and supporting the new system once it is place.

Note: This motion is not directly aimed toward the subcommittees of Community Council, and it would not result in their abolishment. Subcommittees will have to meet on their own to figure out how a new system will affect them. (Membership policies, Chair elections, etc...)

Some Personal Background to the Motion to Abolish Community Council

Why abolish Council?

I've been directly involved in Community Council for two years now. I started as Ficom bookkeeper in Fall 98, was elected Council Secretary for Spring 99. I resigned from Secretary and was elected COCD Chair for Fall 99, and was elected Merrill House representative in the first few weeks of Fall 99. At the end of that semester, I finally ended my long reign as Ficom Bookkeeper. I resigned from COCD Chair just four short weeks ago. Off and on I've also sat on other Council subcommittees, like EIC and PH&S. I've come away with a lot of perspective about how Council works and doesn't work. I've put a lot of time and energy into keeping this sinking ship floating. Admittedly, I was elected to most of my positions because no one else was willing to do them. The sad conclusion that I've come to, after all of this, is that Council just doesn't work for Hampshire College. There has to be a better way.

Thanks to Council's morbidly high turnover rate (our attrition rate is higher even than that of the school we represent), I've seen a lot of faces appear and disappear from Council meetings. I don't really feel like I need to explain my frustrations with Council to them. A large majority of people running for Coun-

cil positions run because they are frustrated with Council. For most people, frustrations increase exponentially once they are on Council.

I also don't think I need to explain my frustrations with Council with the mass of students, staff, and faculty, who have little idea of what Council actually does, especially those that feel disempowered and really desire a larger voice in community life decision making. This is in itself a very good reason for the development of an alternative to Council.

I want to emphasize that for the most part I am not frustrated with Council's subcommittees. COCA does an amazing service for this campus. Student groups could not exist without Ficom, which is usually good about taking care of its business and carefully considering decisions. COCD is a very important resource for campus development. EIC has been very successful in holding All Community Meetings and the recent move toward Town Hall meetings is a step in a good direction. PH&S is very important as a forum and decision making body for health and safety concerns. TRAC is, well, totally radical. Way to go, TRAC. **The subcommittees have been able to accomplish a wide variety of things where Council has produced next to nothing.** I'm convinced that the power and accomplishments of Council's subcommittees will actually increase if Council itself is abolished.

Finally, some people may take issue with my insistence that Council has done so very little. I argue that the things that have been done in the name of Council in the past few semesters could have just as well been done without the existence of Community Council. Council meetings are almost never where the planning and strategizing for major community issues take place. Council often votes to give their stamp of approval on these on other projects. I think this stamp would carry more meaning if the whole community was involved.

What would replace Council?

I'm not about to presume that I, by myself, know what the best system for the College is. This is something we all need to figure out together, students, faculty, staff, and administration. What I do have is a few ideas that I think will help people visualize why abolishing Community Council will actually work.

What I'm imagining is a web-based petition and referenda system where each member of the community has an equal voice and vote. Any community member may submit an item online for petition. Once the petition has gained enough signatures, it will then have a set time period where it can be voted on, about a week or two, and will be passed if the majority of votes are in favor of it. Each petition and referenda item will have a non-anonymous discussion board associated with it, so that wide debate can be held on the item, and enough information can be presented. Hasty decisions made with little information will have a hard time occurring, with a minimum number of signatures to even begin voting, and a minimum voting period of at least a week. This system will not even be much slower than the current system, with the two week lag in between meetings. A lot of details will need to be worked out, and I'm convinced that we have the potential on this campus to create

With subcommittees continuing mostly as they are, and Town Hall meetings happening every week, there will be no shortage of large and small groups of very active people meeting together to work for very positive community life issues. Abolishing Council will even free up a lot of very active people to take part in other important governance bodies which also meet on Tuesday afternoons.

We could spend a lot more time arguing over temporary fixes to our current system. This will not bring more democracy to community life issues at Hampshire. We need a new system. We need a decision making process that represents the views of the community at large, that is informed, that isn't caught up in personal politics, and that will give power to each and every community member.



THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF SURLY BOY



by Jacob Chabot



To Be or Not To Be

by Gabriel McKee

What struck me most about the recent *Omen* poster fiasco was the relatively tame nature of the image and language compared to what our favorite publication used to show. I've been reading old issues of said rag during break, and I've determined that *The Omen* was about ten times more crass my first year than it is now. It published porn on the cover, an article consisting of "Every Offensive Joke I Know," and even a photograph of Greg Prince getting a blowjob (don't worry, it was fake. I hope). But the publication hasn't been so blatantly offensive in the last few months, prompting me (and others, I'm sure) to wonder: Has *The Omen* lost its edge?

In recent months (or, to be more general, since last spring), there has been a dearth of offensive and insulting material in our little *Omen*. Where are the demeaning horoscopes, the pseudo-sexist tales of white-trash life, the articles entitled "Gaping Vagina?" Heck, even hippie-bashing is down.

The Omen, of course, publishes everything sent to it. If little bitterly sarcastic material is being published, it's because little is being submitted. Add to this the fact that the *Omen* staff's columns have been toned down—"White Trash Sunday" and "Tyler's Tales of Testosterone" being replaced with the likes of "Profitable Narcissism" and Zole's biweekly video-game rant—and we're left with a publication that is nowhere near as bitter as its reputation makes it out to be.

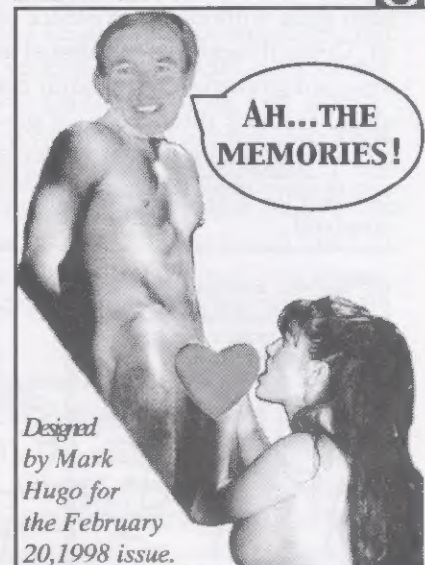
This isn't the first time this has happened. There have been

several low points in the *Omen*'s last few years, perhaps the lowest being the Nov. 25, 1997 issue (AKA "Bomb *The Omen*"), in which William Upski Wimslett submitted five pages of wank addressed to the people who went to his talk (which apparently lasted around 12 hours—he hadn't said enough?), making for the most boring pile of crap ever to call itself *Omen*. But not two months later the publication was right back on top (in the Jan. 30, 1998 issue—with the porn cover), featuring a "Section Hate!" by Jacob Chabot that is startlingly relevant to recent events, and possibly deserved republication in the post-poster issue. Jacob writes about the cover of that issue: "I submitted a mock porn mag cover. . . *The Omen* balked and the cover was pulled at the last second and replaced with a weaker version. I received many reasons for this like it didn't have anything to do with the content, didn't want to get sued for using the picture, DIDN'T WANT TO OFFEND ANYONE...Why? Because ***The Omen* has turned into a sissy mama's boy of a magazine.**" Earlier in the same article, Jacob says something that I think should be adopted into the publication's charter: "If *The Omen* can't rag on anybody without apologizing, then what's the point?"

I think Mark Hugo's absence has had something to do with the *Omen*'s recent blandness, and I hope his return adds to the magazine's fuck-you factor. The most recent issue of the *Omen*, not to mention the posters, seems to be an attempt to reclaim the

magazine's "edge." And what does it face? An anger that, if it was there two years ago, was nowhere near as virulent. The people who didn't like something they saw in *The Omen* simply published a response, rather than running around behind the magazine's back talking about revoking its funding.

The Omen has done nothing new in its recent attempt to reclaim its onetime pinnacle of satirical offensiveness. But the reaction it faced was largely unprecedented. By a simple logical deduction, then, it is the Hampshire community that has changed in the last two years. *The Omen* has not lost its edge, but Hampshire College has. Hampshire's students have lost their ability to recognize a joke, let alone to take one. I close, ironically enough, with a quote from the *Forward*, more specifically, the "Oh, Mumford!" strip from the Sept. 17, 1998 article: "Everything that needs to be stated is done so explicitly. This generation has seen the death of satire." Satire, thy name is *Omen*.



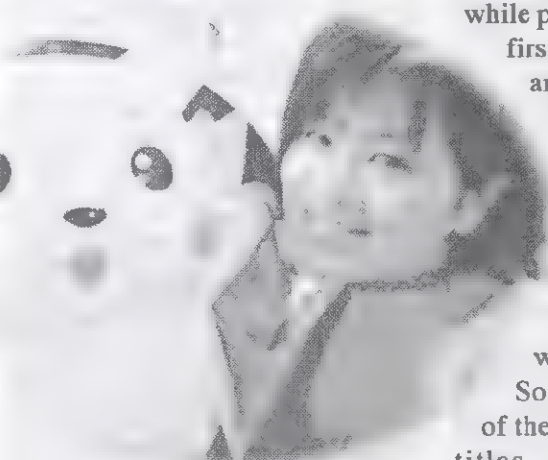
Yellow is My Favorite Colour

by Christine Fernsebner Eslao

I have resolved to write for *The Omen*, because (1) if I am going to join any student organizations, this is clearly the last refuge for Hampshire students who, against all probability, have retained a sense of humor, (2) while being Filipino-German makes me a qualified "Pan-Asian," PASA probably isn't waiting for me with open arms, and (3) I want to be the new Jacob Chabot – I mean, I was in a painting class with him and he seemed to paint naught but beautiful, sensitive portrayals of his car. And **I have decided to write about the two things in my life that are inevitable: new music, and porn sites.** The former is unavoidable because, in order to continue DJing at the most embarrassingly low-wattage college radio station in the Five Colleges, I am required to "review" stacks of releases by aspiring indierock hipsters and "innovators." The latter is unavoidable because whenever I try to close the Netscape window, another one pops up, thanks to the miracle of javascript. Besides, you're probably thinking, now that Perry Strong has purged your favorite jpegs and mpegs from his shared folders, where to next? Anyway, these "reviews" will be, in accordance to the dictates of *Omen* tradition, jumping-off points for personal rants.

Yo La Tengo, *And then nothing turned itself inside out.*

Yo La Tengo thus claims its rightful place, alongside Low and Mojave 3, in my personal pantheon of so-called indie-"rock" bands that avoid having obnoxious amounts of "attitude" (Bis doesn't have much else) or even a substantial amount of "rock," despite the presence of traditionally "rock" instruments. (A friend looking over my shoulder disagrees: "Rock on barbiturates is still rock.") This album is quiet and brooding and subtle, and when your friends come over, they'll forcibly remove it from your CD player and put on something they can dance to. Kick your friends out, dim the lights, make some tea,



Mom Mashiba with Pikachu

pretend you're not home, and put on "Everyday" or "Tears Are In Your Eyes."

Lockgroove, *Sleeping on the Elephant Fog.*

A friend of mine described this as "Mogwai without the quiet bits," which isn't exactly true: Mogwai wouldn't be this good

without quiet bits, and Lockgroove *has* quiet bits – they're just a very noisy, textured form of quiet, if that makes any sense. There are layers of noise and vocals that don't let you grasp much of the lyrics, yet somehow nearly every song, even the seven- and twenty-minute ones, are accessible and even catchy. Think Spiritualized with a little less guitar and depression, and bit more static and yelling.

Kahimi Karie, *K.K.K.K.K.*

This album, which includes all the tracks from the Japanese release of the same name, plus remixes, opens with "One Thousand 20th Century Chairs," the sweetest song about ripping up an art book ever written. The rest of *K.K.K.K.K.*, while paling in comparison to the first track, is cleverly written and enjoyable, particularly "Clip Clap" (about stalking someone because their shoes are cute) and "The Symphonies of Beethoven" (about "grooving in the nude with Alex and his droogs").

Some people may warn you of the sleaze factor (songs with titles like "What Are You Wearing?" written by lecherous British guy Momus), the name-dropping (there's even a song named after Harmony Korine, who's mostly known for writing the *Kids* screenplay; again, that's Momus for you) and Kahimi's cutesy whispery vocals. But I advise you to ignore those people.

continued on page 15

Springfield, MA is Hell

by Shaun "Bad Ass" Boyle

Sears is the devil. Do you remember when Sears used to be called Sears Roebuck and Company? No one really knows what happened to Roebuck and his company, until now. Roebuck got fucked by Sears, fucked right up the ass. So one beautiful Saturday, I decided to drive to the Sears Auto Center in Springfield Mass to get my tires replaced because a mechanic at another garage described my car after a test drive as a "horrifying death trap." If you ever ridden in my car, you'll know this is totally not true. It only shakes and wobbles a bit at speeds over twenty miles per hour.

Anyway, the fine people at the Sears' Auto Center changed my tires and I noticed the car drove much smoother. That is for the five feet I drove it before it died on me. So I got out, opened the hood, and looked at my engine. I know nothing about cars but I have developed a few theories about the combustible engine. Theory One: Cars need gasoline to function. Theory Two: Without gasoline a car will not function. Scientists around the world are testing these two revolutionary theories and I'm confident they'll soon become laws.

Well after a couple minutes of staring at my engine and pretending to tighten bolts, I decided it was probably the battery. I walked right back into Sears with my warranty and asked them to jumpstart my car so they could work on it. The nice man at the desk said he'd have to wait for his manager 'Skip.' I smiled after hearing his name and was confident that only the nicest people in the world were named 'Skip.' A few minutes passed and Skip came waddling out.

The nice man updated him on the situation and Skip turned to me and said, "We can't jump your car, you're going have to get someone else to jump it and bring it over to our garage."

I turned and looked outside and pointed at my car. "That's my car right there, in your parking lot."

"That's your car right there?"

"Yep, right there"

"Well we still can't jump it"

"You guys installed my battery a month ago. Hell, you just put four new tires on it about an hour ago." I would later learn that Skip himself had put my new tires on.

I decided to pull out my big gun, my secret weapon if you will. I showed him a little piece of paper with big black letters set in a very stylish Arial font. He said, "We can't honor your warranty. I'm going to have to ask you to leave. You're being impolite."

"Impolite?" I asked. "At least I'm not a walking heart attack." Then Skip got mad. Everything went silent in the store as Skip gathered his thoughts, but for Skip that would prove too difficult so he came running after me. I prepared to take evasive action. I was ready because I had seen "Romeo Must Die" a few days earlier. Then I realized there was only like 10 minutes of actual fighting in that movie. Skip plowed into me and pinned me up against the door. The nice man called Mall Security and in a few minutes a brace faced pimple nosed rent a cop took me to the horror of all horrors: the Mall Services Office. For two hours—without water, without conjugal visits—I sat in an empty room. Then the Springfield cops

came with Skip. He wanted to press charges. I explained my side of the story and the cops asked me if I wanted to press charges. Being the nice guy that I am, I said no. Then they let me go.

Kind of anticlimactic I guess. Well here's a better ending: So Skip came in with the cops. He wanted to press charges. I explained my side of the story and they asked if I wanted to press charges. Being the nice guy that I am, I said no.

Suddenly Skip reached for one of the police officers guns. "Noooooooooooo," I screamed as I moved in slow motion. I picked up a steel chair and deflected the barrage of bullets. Somehow I escaped and made my way to the roof of Eastfield Mall, where I hope to jump down into a dumpster and hide out until things cooled off. Then I heard the sound of an approaching helicopter. Skip was at the controls. So I did what Sylvester Stallone did in "Cliffhanger." I'm not going to explain it. Just go rent the movie and imagine me doing what Sylvester Stallone did.

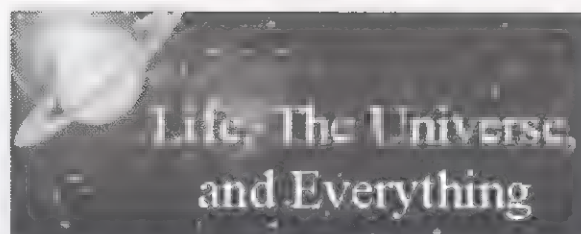
As I write this article, my car is still in Springfield. I told one of my best friends this story and she just kind of sighed. "What's the deal with men? They take the dumbest things and make them sound so heroic and thrilling, when the stuff that happened is just kind of stupid and could have been prevented." Well you know what? I'm going to milk what happened for all it's worth. Say hello to the new bad ass on campus!



Road Trip

or

Nice People Still Exist



by Jennifer "Jymm" Gifford

9:30 am, Friday, March 10. I pull out of the Dakin parking lot and head away from Hampshire with a light heart and a half empty wallet. Some good tunes are pumping out of the radio and all is well with the world. Homebound, I head for the highway.

2:00 pm, same day. I'm on I-95 southbound, halfway through Connecticut. The noise of my stomach begins to overtake the radio, so I decide to stop for some good 'ol Mickey D's. I pull into a rest stop and hop out of my car lightly and skip my way on in. **Halfway to the counter I am run over by a stampeding herd of children.** Telling myself it will all be alright as soon as I'm back on the other road, with "Walkin' on Sunshine" blasting from the speakers, I grit my teeth and get in line. It goes something like this: "I can't eat meat, it's Friday!" "Chicken is poultry." "But poultry is meat." "Eat fish!" "Eww!" "Everybody listen up! Stop Super Sizing! You can't afford it!" A well meaning teacher comes along and herds us into a straight line, and I remember there's a drive-thru. Remember what I said about wanting kids? Uh-uh. Good-bye kids, hello sunshine!

4:30 pm, same day. Headed up the Pennsylvania Turnpike, which isn't much of a highway at all. The good tunes have given way to semi-alright ones

followed by really terrible ones. I see a sign that says "Speed Enforced By Air". I think about this, and eventually come to the conclusion that there must be bombers up there waiting to drop explosives the minute you go over the speed limit. I get so distracted trying to see the planes I almost run off the road. Better change the station on the radio.

3:00 pm, Tuesday, March 14. Once again, I am on the road, headed for good 'ol Southern NJ. I pull into a gas station, fill 'er up, and pull out again. I feel pretty good—I remembered to check the oil. Bang. Hit the curb on the way out. No biggie—not like I haven't done that before. A funny noise appears under the music and I stop to check it out. Flat tire—what a bitch. But wait! I don't need help! I can figure out how to change the damn thing myself. Twenty minutes later, I have succeeded in unraveling the mystery that is a jack, and I have it placed under the car. An old man appears at my side, offering to help. He is the first person to bother, even though I have been there for quite a while. He insists on doing all of the hard stuff, and during our little conversation I find out that he is like 82, with a hip replacement. He once owned a diner, used to like to repair antique cars, and figured it was time to retire when he hit 78. By the time we finish, and I drive away, I am so incredibly touched by his heroic effort that my faith

is restored in man.

2:00 pm, Sunday March 19. Middle of New York City, stuck in traffic. I lost the guy who was following me twenty minutes ago. I begin to play with my hair in the rearview mirror, while at the same time nudging my car up another inch. That was one inch too far. I hit the bumper ahead of me with a sickening thud. A moment or two of extreme fear. The guy gets out, eyes his bumper, and waves at me to forget about it. I notice that as soon as we start moving again, he changes lanes right away. I go back to playing with my hair.

6:45, same day. Drivin' along on Rt 91, feeling at one with my fellow drivers. All of a sudden, I am brought to a dead stop. It seems like traffic is topped for three miles ahead of me. I notice that at least 3 of the cars around me are Smithies, and begin to suspect a conspiracy. The cars start moving again, slowly. We crawl along like that, and I lose sight of the guy behind me. This sends me into a panic attack. Moving lights make my brain scream, and cars passing me on either side make my breath stop. I turn up the radio and sing "I'm Every Woman" at the top of my lungs to keep myself from freaking out and driving into a tree. I think the Smith girl next to me is listening to the same song.

7:30 pm, same day. I arrive back on the scene just in time to have a nervous breakdown. Ah, the sweet smell of Hampshire. Home, sweet home. **T**

Jennifer Gifford is Heather Woodland

Sticks and Stones

by Michelle Beach

Why is everything at Hampshire so personal? Instead of debate being about ideas it is more often about the people involved. Disagreement is too often seen as a personal attack rather than a response to an idea. This perception creates an uncomfortable environment for everyone involved. It is difficult for many people at Hampshire to separate people from ideas and to hold discussions accordingly.

Let's use the recent posters of Isaac Curtis, Community Council Chair, as an example. Sure there are many problems with Community Council. That's nothing new. There were problems with Council when I joined three years ago. There were problems with Council before then. And there will be problems with it, or whatever system replaces it, after we all leave here. Nothing is perfect. But what people are slow to understand is that while there are problems with the system and with things the system does, these problems are not always with the people.

Discussion needs to focus on the problems—not the people. Sometimes, admittedly, the problems are with the people. And that too should be addressed. But these posters aren't any better than graffiti. Instead of trying to find ways to solve problems, these posters and things like them only serve to make things worse.

Things weren't perfect when I was Ficom Chair. There were controversies and people got upset. I believe that controversy and debate are necessary and can be productive. They show that things are happening on campus.

But problems arise when the debate becomes personal, which all too often happens at Hampshire.

I worked hard to do a good job as Ficom Chair, but by the end of the semester I felt like one of the most hated people on campus. The people who disagreed with the things I was trying to do created that environment. Whatever their intent was, the way they acted only served to make the problems worse. Instead of talking to me and openly debating their concerns, they did their best to keep everything quiet, personal and anonymous. When things were brought to my attention, the safety in numbers theory was used. I can't count the times that I was told "many people are unhappy." But I never could find out who those many people were or exactly what they were unhappy about. This environment made it even more difficult for me to do my job and made me feel unsafe on this campus.

The posters of Isaac represent the same thing. No, he's not a perfect Council Chair. But he doesn't deserve the personal attacks any more than I did. Isaac does a lot as Council Chair. Could he do what he does better or are there other things he should be doing? Sure, but, honestly, is there anything that anyone does that couldn't be done better? No matter what type of a job he is doing, he doesn't deserve to have his face on anonymous posters around campus. If people have problems with Isaac, they should discuss it with him or bring it to a Council meeting. The posters are spineless and pointless. The only thing they contribute is to make the sides more charged and the campus more

uncomfortable.

Maybe you haven't seen the posters or have forgotten them by the time this gets published. It doesn't matter because they really aren't the point. The point is their anonymity. The point is the kind of environment they contribute to creating. Just like the *Omen* posters did for some. Just like the response to the *Omen* posters in front of the library did for others. There is an environment on this campus of personal hatred. **Hampshire students seem to feel that it is all right to attack others because of what their parents do or because of their political views or their religious affiliation or their choice in advertisement. It's not.** Attack the ideas all you want and openly debate your side. Say whatever you are willing to put your name to but don't be anonymous about it. When opinions are about a person rather than an issue, the debate changes. When the discussion becomes personal, people on both sides get hurt and the debate is no longer productive.

No matter what kind of problems people had with the *Omen* posters, they knew who was responsible for them. Everything published in *The Omen* has a name attached to it. If you don't like something that is written, you can seek out the person and talk about it. Or you can attend an *Omen* meeting and discuss your concerns with the entire staff.

Unfortunately, the people who had problems with the *Omen*

poster didn't come and talk about them. They tore the posters down, had a one-sided conversation at a Council meeting, and proposed to do many things that as of writing this have not been done. They didn't talk to *The Omen* and find out their side before drawing conclusions. Council contributed to this environment by supporting hasty decision making and one-sided discussion. As a person who knew a little bit about why the poster was put up and how those who put it up were feeling, I felt very uncomfortable at that Council meeting. I felt that no matter what I said, I wouldn't be listened to. I had to sit there and listen to Council members call my friends evil without even trying to hear their side. The environment in that meeting and those who contributed to it made me feel uncomfortable.

So now similar things are happening on all sides of this and other issues. Dumb, anonymous pictures are going up of Isaac. Secret investigations are occurring regarding *The Omen*. Members of the WWC are getting blamed to posters they didn't even put up. The debate has become personal and is no longer productive.

I realize that public figures open themselves up for more criticism, both about public issues and personal things, than others do. And, that the public figures on this campus include Community Council chairs and

members and students running student groups. However, there is a way to criticize that is productive and a way that is belittling. Too often we resort to the way that is belittling. Criticism and debate are wonderful, productive things when they are used appropriately. There is a distinct separation between attacking an action or an idea and attacking the person who performed the action or had the idea. Praise or criticism of a particular idea or action does not have to reflect your opinion of the person behind it. Sometimes people we don't like do good things and sometimes people we do like do bad things. The distinction too often becomes lost on this campus.

If you've got a problem with anyone on campus, tell them. Or, don't tell them. I don't really care. But if you have a problem with someone, don't take it out on their friends. Don't mess with the things that they are trying to do just because you don't like them. Don't use the organizations that they are involved with as a means to vent your anger against them. Don't put up anonymous posters or make anonymous postings. Don't attack them in such a way that they feel threatened. It's not fair to everyone involved and it does more to create an unsafe feeling on campus than almost anything else.

continued from page 11

Momoco Mashiba Website, <<http://www.bekkoame.ne.jp/ha/silky/en/index.html>>.

"Famous busty model" and *fuuzokujou* Momoco Mashiba's homepage, which "is reported to the public safty comissioner [sic] of Tokyo as a transmitted image of a special business affecting public morals, by the law of business affecting public morals, clause no.1 in article 7, which is in the law of no.31, which regulates proper businesses," neither dehumanizes its subject nor desensitizes the viewer. Yes, there a jpegs of her bare and ample bosom pressed against a glass door, but most of the site consists of Momoco's essays on her favorite films and actors, her criticisms of conformity in Japanese fashion ("When I see a highschool student who wears brand named goods, it

looks like a monkey wears makeup"), and her beloved cat, Leon: "He was castrated when he was 6 months old, so he's a gay boy.:-)"

Even the sections dealing directly with her profession are educational: "Let me explain exactly what the whole thing is about, with my 5 years of experience in *Fuuzoku*!

Learn about Japanese sex culture!" The reader is supplied with extensive information on *fuuzoku*, a sector of the Japanese sex industry that, according to Ms. Mashiba, is more popular than prostitution. "What's *Fuuzoku*? It looks like a whorehouse. ...It's a place where you can have forplay [sic] with a girl, to arouse sexcial [sic] climax. If you try to have sexual intercourse, you'll be in trouble. You can't have sexual intercourse, that's the number one

Pornoholic

rule that you have to obey in *Fuuzoku* business." She enumerates the different varieties of *fuuzoku* establishments, and standard techniques: *paizuri* ("Busty girls are good at this service"), *sumata* ("It looks as if they are having sex, but just rubbing"), "lotion play," and *tekoki* ("finger service" – "It's used everywhere, but customers don't prefer. Because they can do it with their own hands, too").

And she is just as friendly as her site suggests. Recently Mr. Michael D. Zole started a correspondence with Momoco, who loves to hear from her admiring public and responded despite the language barrier. As it turns out, she shares Zole's favorite vice, having recently ordered a new video game system: "Everyday, Game, Game, Game....."



Show Me Your Titties!

by Jess Van Scoy

Two of my friends and I decided to go to New Orleans for spring break. We ended up taking the week before spring break off to catch the last bit of Mardi Gras. We decided to do this on Friday. . .we left Monday. Sunday night was a mess. I had to finish writing several papers before I left, work on *The Omen* and make a super-ultra cool mixeroo for the 25 hour car ride. I fell asleep around five and got up at seven to finish.

The drive down wasn't too bad. We popped the mixed tapes in, chatted about random things, slept, and ate dried fruit and string cheese. We also enjoyed the billboards, especially in the south. "Dear Friend, Remember that whole "Love thy Neighbor" thing? I meant that. Love, God," and the "Scuttlebutt Gentlemen's Club" were our fa-

vorites. By the time we arrived, we were so fucking tired and dirty. We didn't have any place to stay, as the hostel was booked up that night. So we stopped at a hotel and were charged \$60 to take a shower and a two hour nap. Stupid Mardi Gras commies!

We arrived to the last parade by accident. Stuck in traffic, we noticed that it was passing us, as we weren't going anywhere. I decided to get out of the car and go take pictures. My friends came a few minutes later. It was just like any other parade except instead of throwing candy, they pelted you with beads and cups. There was garbage everywhere. It smelled like urine, puke and shit and had these big piles of brown mush everywhere on the streets. New Orleans has got to be the most dirty city I've ever been in.

We ended up getting a room in the hostel that night

anyways. Figures. We ate some jambalaya and got ready to go to Bourbon Street. By this time we were so tired and weren't sure how much fun we were going to have. We befriended these black ladies who were also waiting for the trolley. They were so great. **Black women have this thing that white women could never dream of having. They can talk and laugh about anything and they always seem like they are having the greatest time.**

And they are. White women are too caught up in "how they are feeling," or "look at my new shoes." My friends and I watched them enviously.

We also learned from the man waiting with us that the people walking around with big rakes and shoveling up the tons and tons of trash were prisoners. Which explained why there were so many prison buses driving around. ... and who the hell would pick that stuff up.

We arrived to find Bourbon Street in its expected chaos. There were people everywhere and signs advertising some-



thing to the extent of "Wash your favorite dancers." We tried to buy drinks but got turned down, of course, of course. We found some lowly college dude who was willing to do anything for a chick to buy us drinks. We had a hurricane which is rum with a red fruit drink. It stains the hell out of your mouth. You walk around like you bit one of those capsules the dentist gives you. They're



Montana Rose

good. A little sweet, but good.

We talked to several guys, which didn't impress me. I hate this stupid conversation and their gross, roaming eyes. I can't even tell you how many times my breasts were fondled or my ass grabbed. We were propositioned to flash video cameras as well as random drunk men on the street. The best part was looking up to the porches above you, having a dirty old man point his finger at you, and then flashing him if you think his beads were good enough. (note: sarcasm) After you were done with that porch, you moved on to the next one. I felt like cattle being moved in. Instead of beef, we were tits, and instead of paying for it with money, we got beads? Doesn't that seem a little odd? I wonder who made this game up? Could it be a . . . man? My friends and I did join in, though. We HAD to. I swear. How else could we get really good beads, rather than the generic ones from the parades?

Then the Playboy bunnies

came out and did their bit. My friends and I pointed and laughed at the dazed men. Then we began yelling "Fake, fake, fake, fake," to which the many men around us laughed at. Hmmm. . .

At the stroke of midnight, the cops came in on their horses. They looked all serious and stern, so we laughed at them. "OK, OK, party's over. I'm a cop, party's over." A little buzzed, I gave one cop a string of beads and he was actually sweet about it.

Then we got on the trolley to go back to the hostel. The driver was a complete riot, obviously sick of having too many drunk and obnoxious people on his trolley. "Get on the damn trolley, people. We don't have all damn night. Yes, \$1.25. Read the sign, lady. Move all the way to the back, people. Come on!" My friends and I were cracking up. I figured it worked on the policeman so I gave him a string of

beads too, which at this time, the bulk of them were suffocating me. "Now don't do tha. . . thank you. (sigh) Squeeze in, people," he yelled to the rearview.

The next morning we ate beignets and walked around the city a bit. There were musicians and artists everywhere, which was lovely. The sun was fierce, which was also a nice change. We even put our feet in the Mississippi River. When I told my mother this, she confirmed my beliefs with three simple words: "Good God, Why?"

We hung out in Jackson Square until dinner time. I believe that this is where the magic happens. This is where New Orleans comes alive. There are tourists with their fanny packs and small children. There are drug dealers, musicians, college kids, weirdos, you name it. We were approached by a woman named Montana Rose. She wanted to sign my friend's journal, which she did. I sneaked a few pictures of her. Her body

continued on page 18

Jess's Adventure Continues

continued from page 17

was worn and brown. Her teeth were broken and chipped. She was plastered and had on a tee shirt that revealed everything. She was fighting with all the men, screaming and yelling, throwing beer all over the place. For some reason, she approached us genuinely enough. She just wanted to sign the book and even made her friend sign as well. Talked to her a bit and found out she ended up in New Orleans because her "car broke down." We deduced later that she was a prostitute. We also talked to a bum in a wheelchair. He has to be one of the most intelligent men I have ever

met. He spoke Polish and told us stories, lessons, jokes that made our heads spin. He left us with a string of beads and three questions that we had to decipher. My friend answered one. The other two left us for a blank. (Yeah, yeah, New Orleans!)

We had dinner and I ordered oysters which turned out to be a big mistake. They were fried and smelled and I didn't like the fact that I payed \$15 for them. Dinners should cost \$10, no more, no questions or doubts about it. I ended up carrying

them around in this smelly doggy bag through our vampire tour. We walked a whole bunch more for this tour, but it was worth it. There are some pretty spooky stories in New Orleans. There was this rich couple who used to abuse slaves in their attic. Authorities found slaves who had been starved, had crude sex-changes and parts moved around on their bodies. The owners got away, though, and now the spoken room

to pull out two wine glasses from his bag and give them to us, which is what he did. (Yeah, yeah, New Orleans!) When the police came, we took off, and luckily, our wine was still there when we came back. We talked shit and then ended up going to a bar. It was eighties night, so we got down. My friend and I were the only two people on the dance floor, but we didn't give a shit. My other friend ended up hooking up with this guy

we had met. Before she did, he had hit on all of us and told me that he didn't break my camera like he usually did when people took his picture because he "liked my tits." My friend obviously swooned for him, and ended up going off with him. She came back later with



Common Sense, People

is a haunted guest bedroom owned by a doctor.

The next morning we were all a bit testy. We decided to split up and tour the garden district. We also went on a tour of a convent and a cheesy wax museum that we spent too much money on. That night we met some kids in Jackson Square and hung out with them. We bought bottles of wine and drank them in the square. I, out of the blue, asked a man sitting by us if he had any cups that we could borrow to drink out of. I didn't expect him

a hickey and stories of his past marriage, kid and prison sentence. (Yeah, yeah, New Orleans!)

My dance partner and I, on the other hand, later left the dance floor and went to a jazz club. Still in the dancing mood, we danced some more in this swanky club that men with cigars and wine went to. They stared at us like we were morons, but the band members loved it. They would make eye contact with us and smile, encouraging. Screw you rich, bor-

ing mother fuckers!

Our last day there was spent looking for Louis Armstrong's grave. The tour books and guides told us not to go to the graveyards by ourselves because they are dangerous. We went anyways. I wasn't that scared being in that area, I was definitely getting there. The graveyards there are amazing! All of the graves have to be above ground because the soil is too moist for normal burials. They are old and majestic, creepy and lined up, thousands of them. We spent hours looking for his grave, getting sunburnt and asking everyone if they knew where he was buried. People who had lived there their whole life had no idea where, let alone if he was actually buried there! How pathetic is that? I am wondering to this day if he is actually buried there...

We didn't want to leave, obviously. We ate dinner slowly and had this waiter who wouldn't leave us alone. "How are you folks doin'?" Five minutes later "Are you all set? How was your salad? You didn't like?" Five minutes later "Let me fill up your water from the sip you took a second ago..." etc. etc.

We drove home mostly in silence, mourning. Our conversation was mostly made of "We need to stop for gas...again." or "Can I have the backseat now?" By this time we didn't care how we smelled or what we looked like. Our goal and destination was home.



For You, Jaime and Ahren

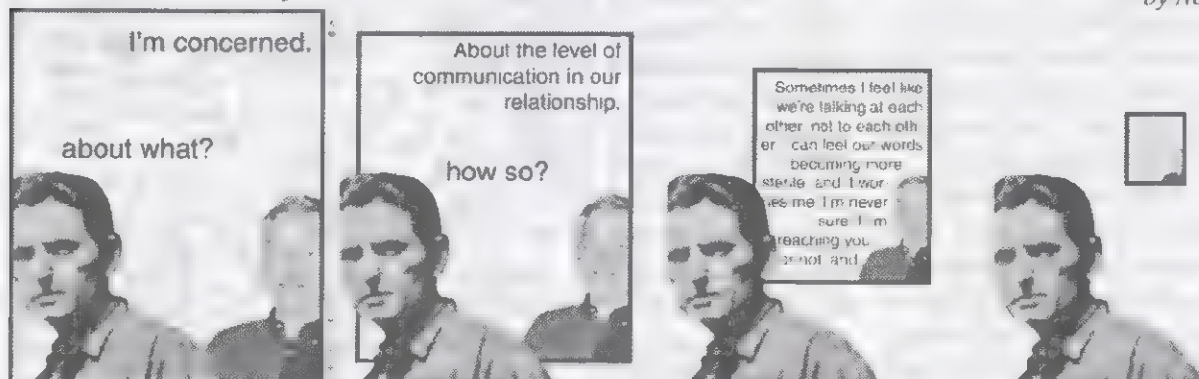
THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF SURLY BOY

by Jacob Chabot



Oh, Mumford! by B. T. Johnston

by Neil Golden





ASK THE EVIL TWIN HEALTH AND COMMUNITY AT HAMPSHIRE

by Gareth Edel

So here we are with another installment of the Evil Twin column. What really surprises me is that I have questions to answer for a second week in a row, so thanks dear readers for a little bit of interest. As always, for any question or comment I promise you inclusion and an answer in this prestigious column, so keep up the good work. Entries can come to Box 1419, email gaeF95, or phone 4306.

Dear Gareth, Mr. Wasting Time

[I prefer being addressed in this column as the Evil Twin]

Why is it that I find the *Omen's* writer Wade Stuckwisch sexy when I read articles by him about what a loser he is? Is there something wrong with me or just Wade??

Signed, Lady Loves a Loser

Dear Lady,

What to say to such a heartfelt letter, Well first off there is nothing wrong with you. I believe that being attracted to losers may be a sign of your minor self esteem issues or some such crap coming through, but in many losers cases, what makes them losers is low self esteem—which would pick right up if a lady loved them. I know this is true of Wade. Who, I might add, there is nothing wrong with either. In fact I think it is such a shame that he is single and that you aren't with him that I am going to fix that.

In *The Omen* this time is our first ever **Win a date with Wade** contest and we want you to go on an all expense paid date to get to know our boy Wade. We don't know who you are so the contest

will be open to everyone. You should check out the details. For all the rest of you: when was the last time you went on a date??? Wouldn't you like to? Wouldn't it be great not to graduate without at least once having only sort of kind of like hooked up with that guy at a party... I think we should say no to falling into relationships..... Pick who you are with ladies... **Send info to me and go out with Wade... Maybe he wont be the love of your life... But he is guaranteed... No possible fear of rejection** and the date can be chaperoned at your request... so for every girl who has complained that Hampshire men have no balls, go out and pick this one up... at least for the free movie and dinner... Hope that helps lady.

Dear Evil Twin,

Last *Omen* one of the articles mentioned testosterone and it got me thinking. What is the relationship between 'play' and 'masturbation' and testosterone, and for that matter do they affect testosterone levels the same? Will they lower the level of testosterone? What is the relation to violence and 'creepy' behavior or 'bad attitude' to the level of

Why do we never get an answer when we're knocking at the door with a thousand million questions about hate and death and war.

a man's testosterone? Is there a way, short of scissor use on the down below, of lowering testosterone? I know the article was only semi serious and was mostly a silly call for more sex in general but it made me curious.

Signed Curious?

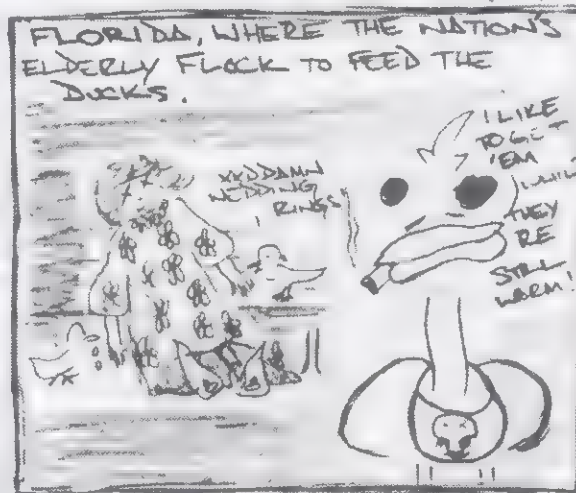
Dear Curious?

Well Curious those are interesting questions, and I will tell you that I am not sure of all the answers... I should have done research to find out but I'll take a swing at it anyway. My knowledge of endocrinology (the study of hormones, including testosterone) is limited... so I will admit most of my answers are based on readings I have done on a genetic condition where men have two Y chromosomes, sometimes referred to as super men. They have slightly elevated testosterone and for a long time the condition was assumed to be linked to criminal and violent behavior. This is,

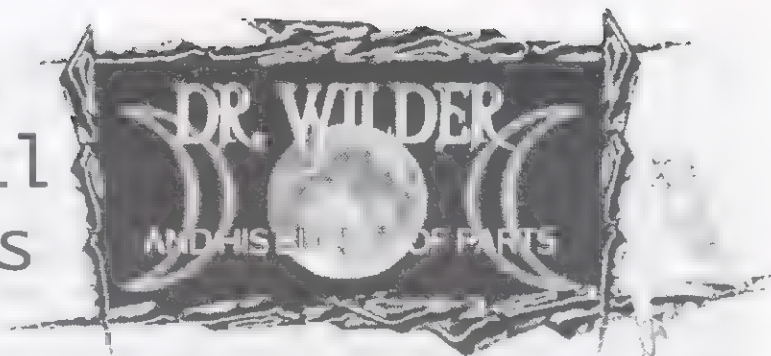
continued on page 23

Funnier than Robotman!

DINGO KTE MY WEENER WILLIAM PHILLIPS



You Get The Ankles And I'll Get The Wrists



By J. Wilder Konschak, "The Almighty Glark."

Hang tight. I'm about to set up this article with Biblical history.

As I understand it, the Bible says that God played favorites, and that his favorite angel was Lucifer. Lucifer was a "with-it" dude. That's what the Bible says. And as I read it, Jehovah and Lucifer used to hang, telling secrets, downloading MP3s, drinking Java and checking out the cans on the seraphim.

They was real tight droogs.

But then, one day, Lu said, "Yo, Jo, I think I might take the reins for a tick, make it snow up from the ground today. What'd'ya say?" To which Jo replied, "Take the reins? When That Seemingly Useless Fiery Place Beneath the Earth freezes over!"

Of course, Lucifer felt awfully snubbed by God's apparent lack of faith, and decided to split. Essentially, he said, "I've had enough with this monolithic, dogmatic, *Good* nonsense. I'm gonna start my own business, and I'll call it ... *Evil*." So, essentially, just because he wanted to, he left Heaven, started Hell, and invented Good's opposing force.

The whole universe went from mono to stereo, just like *that*.

So, what's this got to do with the cost of slickers in Saigon? Essentially, I feel that my lot in life is no longer satisfactory. I noticed this morning that I'd been standing in the shower for two hours, and I hadn't moved yet. I was in a coma, and the

only reason I could find for this was that I couldn't muster the motivation to pick up my shampoo. I just looked at it.

Nothing had any meaning.

Neither the Religious Right, nor the Satanic Goth has any appeal for me anymore. Good and Evil have gotten stale. There's no pleasure in helping others—and drugs, sex, and rock-n-roll have lost their good old ragtime flare. I need somewhere else to turn, to make shampooing and conditioning my hair to a silky sheen mean something again. But, I've realized that no one's going to do it for me. It's up to me to turn this binary world into a trinary system.

Thus, I am starting Glark. Good, Evil, and Glark.

I plan to set up base in my closet. I will call it Spoojot. Everyone who is Glark while they live will go directly to Spoojot after they die. I, on the other hand, will be the master of Spoojot, called the Glark. This may seem uncreative, but think about it. God is Good. He dropped a letter. The Devil is Evil. He added a letter. So, as Glark, I'm going to keep it simple.

As the Glark, as the figurehead of all Glarkness, I will possess all the powers of that position—similar to the powers of God to do Good, and the Devil to do Evil, except that I will have the power to do Glark.

Of course, this shake-up will
J. Wilder Konschak is Michael Zimm

inevitably make Good and Evil more interesting for everyone, just as Evil made Good more interesting. God will now have to send down new commandments, things like, "Thou Shalt Not Play Bongos on the Roof, for that is Glark." Evil, for the first time, will have to dedicate itself to something more specific than the "not good" platform it's been running on. This is the only practical way to avoid confusing Evil and Glark behavior. "To have unmarried sex is Evil, to use whip-cream while having unmarried sex is Glark."

The Satanic churches will have to organize. There will be preachers, "The Devil gave up Heaven for you, and what do you do? You go around putting whip-cream on things! That is the work of the Glark! Do not be tempted by the Glark, or you will spend the rest of eternity exiled from the warming pits of Hell, locked in the great stuffy closet that is ... Spoojot!"

Essentially, I'll be adding to our choices as citizens of this universe. Of course, this will make religions a bit *more* like huge, twisted advertising campaigns. But in our commercialized era, what could be more healthy than a robust market for spiritual belief?

Of course, we could always use quadraphonics. As an opinion from inside the industry, I think it's time a woman got in on the game. So, if you've got the motivation, ladies, step up and put in the time. I have, and I've reaped the benefits. **C**

Hooray for John K

by Evan Baker

Television was a barren waste land... *The Simpsons* and *Married With Children* were all we had to keep us alive in a dull and sanitized-for-your-protection world... And then, a man came down as if from the heavens, and brought us his glorious vision. The man's name: John Kricfalusi. His vision: *Ren and Stimpy*. John K (as he was often billed) was the creator of the show, and during its golden age, also the director, head writer, one of the main animators, and the voice of that darling chihuahua Ren Hoek.

But things don't often work out as they should. Kricfalusi was too far out for the tastes of Nickelodeon, and often times the show went too far. It all came to a boil when they aired (just once) the infamous Christmas episode, "Have Yourself a Stinky Little Christmas" (later aired once on MTV and released on video). Suddenly, John K was off the show (Billy West would now voice both Ren and Stimpy... He has since moved on to star on *Futurama*). Suddenly, things went down hill. It would not be fair to say the show became a big barrel of suck... Let's just say that, COMPARED TO WHAT IT HAD BEEN, it was now a big barrel of suck.

So we know what happened to the show, but what happened to John K? Where did he go that cold night in 1992 when he had to abandon his baby? Well, I don't know, but I can tell you where he is now... He's on that most wonderful of wonders, that most glorious of glories, my second favorite sanctuary from a cold and lonely world... The InterNet!!!

Yes, head over to www.spumco.com (Spumco - the Danes call it quality) and find out what

John K and his crew are up to these days. And what will you see? Well, among many other things, you can:

SEE the Bjork video John directed!!! Yes, see Spumco's mascot Jimmy the Idiot Boy dancing with everybody's favorite Icelandic pop uber-star!

SEE the commercials John has created!!! This includes an award winning series for Old Navy, one for Wagwell's Dog Treats (at home, we've been known to give our dog, a schnauser named Theda Bara, this very brand of dog treat), and even one IN JAPANESE for Aoki's Pizza. **The pizza one is too amusing for words. It is my new religion. In fact, I'm gonna take a break from writing to watch it right now...** Ok, I'm back. Wait, no, I'm gonna watch it again! Ok, now I'm back for real. Now for the most important part...

SEE Uncle Oogle's Girly Cartoons!!! Yes, that's right, dear old Uncle Oogle answers all your questions about female nudity, accompanied by risqué sketches. A favorite quote from this section, "Properly fitted clothing set right on a poorly built frame can give the knock-kneed, the stoop-shouldered, the bow-legged and those possessing a myriad of other physical deficiencies the opportunity for a sane sex life. We must retain clothing in our culture for their sakes."

SEE The Goddamn George Liquor Program!!!

That's right, John K and crew have created the first weekly on-line cartoon (and thanks to the magic of flash, you don't even have to wait for it to download)! The

show—obviously—stars George Liquor (voice by Michael Pataki). George was first introduced on the Dog Show episode of Ren and Stimpy (perhaps you remember the hideous close-up of Ren's tic-infested ear from that show), but he is much more fully explored here.

George has a cross to bear, of course, and that is his nephew: the above mentioned Jimmy the Idiot Boy. Caring for Jimmy is a task that required George's constant attention, because basically, when left to his own devices, the only thing Jimmy is capable of doing is drooling (but boy has he mastered that art form).

Other characters who have popped up so far (the first 8 episodes are available at the time of this writing) include Sody Pop (voiced by Wendy Balomben), the sexy neighbor who truly merits Jimmy's drooling (I know that's gross, and generally I'm not particularly attracted to cartoon characters, but this girl is really, really, REALLY hot), and George's other nephews, the bratty Slab and Ernie.

Of course, to stay on-the-air (so to speak), the show needs sponsors. So far, Tower Records and CDnow have both thrown in their advertising bucks, and as a result the show sometimes stops dead so that George can pitch these companies. However, this does not distract from the flow of the hilarity. On a show as random as this, it's just one more self-consciously out-of-the-blue element. Another example of this is in episode 6, when Jimmy begins doing an absurd dance to express his happiness, and when he stops, George punches him to make him start again. The viewer then has the choice of watching the rest of the story right away, or making Jimmy

dance some more in different outfits. I suggest you take the time to watch at least one of Jimmy's extra dances.

Episode 7 begins with a challenge: "Put the duck in Jimmy's butt." Was this what interactive programs were intended for? Was this what Tower Records had in mind when they handed over their big advertising bucks? Probably not...

The show is pretty short (most of the time the credits are longer than the plot, other times the product placement takes up more than half of the running time), and the first 8 episodes are still on a single story line (entitled "Babysitting the Idiot"), but by

keeping them brief team Spumco has also made sure that only the best material gets in.

Gotta take a break now to watch episode 7 again, since it was the one that introduced Sody Pop, and I'm a lonely, lonely man. I'll be right back...

God that's good stuff!

I'm listening to "Summer In the City" by The Lovin' Spoonful now... Doesn't relate, but this song kicks so much ass I had to mention it.

I don't know what else I can tell you. Check out the site, it's sweet. Really, go, like right now. There's a whole bunch of cool stuff I didn't even tell you about. You have to go see it. What, are you still

in The Grub Hut or some shit like that? I don't fucking care! Finish your greasy pizza, bus your dishes, read the crap on the white board (I'm probably demanding soup at breakfast again), but do it all fast so you can get your sorry ass in front of your computer and check out www.spumco.com! John K is the man, you idiot, so why are you still reading this?! Go go go!!!

Should I order a George Liquor lighter that says "Don't You Ever Call Me A !#?%@\$ Democrat!"? I think I need one. Oh, but that Sody Pop lighter is sooo tempting! No, I don't need to sport wood every time I light my cigar. That's too Freudian.

continued from page ???

fortunately for us non double Y super men, not going to give men a bad name as it was disproved. In at least the case of the men with an extra Y chromosome there is no evidence to suggest that they are in fact predisposed or condemned to be violent or even chauvinistic.

About sex and masturbation and levels of hormones, I am not sure, but I think I read that the level of testosterone is mostly effected by arousal and not release so although the masturbation should suffice, the orgasm is primarily connected to levels of endorphins and serotonin as well as melatonin which are other chemical products that act in the brain.

As to what to do to lower the level of a man's testosterone I recommend two things, first, no red meat, which has been shown to increase testosterone and other hormones in some men. Second, eliminate factors from our cultural situations which are shown to be arousing and to increase the levels of hormones. Such as, danger, sports and physical activity, sexual flirtation, exposure to provocatively dressed females, the smell of certain foods including baked goods and most action movies and pornography. If you are not willing to do these two things I recommend ignoring the scissors and going for option two. Option two is that men who grow up with respected female role models and those who are educated about rape and other ideas are statistically less likely to act in a 'sleazy' way or have a "bad attitude". So continue the education and don't worry about the stuff squirting around in their brains. For more information go talk to a librarian about doing a medline search for testosterone and behavior or talk to Nancy Lowry who teaches biochemistry.

ADVENTURES IN SPRINGFIELD

by Shaun Boyle



So, You Think Wade is *Hot*?



The Omen is sponsoring a contest, of sorts: **Win a Date With Wade.** That's right, dinner and a movie with our very own Wade P. Stuckwish, at absolutely no cost to you. What's the catch? Believe it or not, there isn't one. However, we will be recapping the evening's events in The Omen. So come on: it's a free food and a free movie ticket - and you'll get to spend it with a very eligible bachelor, who happens to be a great guy.

Wade P. Stuckwish is a fourth year Division III student here at Hampshire College, his hobbies include amateur professional wrestling, Film, Darts and other Bar Games, Fine beverages, his Zine (titled Not In My Back Yard) and music. Right now his favorite films are Brazil and Clerks and he really likes two albums I never heard of (first Jawbreaker's 24 Hour Revenge Therapy and The Promise Ring's Nothing Feels Good). So whether you like his style or just want a night out - try Wade out for a night...maybe you'll want to do it again, maybe you won't...either way you'll have a story to tell you're friends, a free meal and a you'll have seen a movie. If it matters, I once heard a paramedic say Wade was the smartest guy she had ever had in her ambulance, ask him if you want to hear about it.

HOW TO ENTER:

1. Send your name and phone number to wfnadate@mediahole.hampshire.edu or to campus box 1419.
2. After contacting the candidates to ask a few questions about themselves, we'll select up to 5 women to spend an evening with Wade.
3. We'll then publish the results in a future Omen.

submitted by Gareth Edel and Bren Tamilio

Heart Habit to Break

by Gwynne Watkins

Change of Heart is one of those TV shows that lends evidence to the Creationist theory of evolution, which says that we are all descended from Adam and Eve — in other words, that the human race is entirely inbred.

Leave it to the WB.

And leave it to a bunch of bored college students, taking a break from their anti-society rantings, to actually watch it.

In case you haven't been subjected to this particular gem of pop culture, *Change of Heart* is *The Dating Game* for a new really twisted millenium. Couples who've been having relationship issues — usually something substantial, like an unsolvable height difference — are set up with other people, carefully selected as ideal mates by the *Change of Heart* cronies. Over the course of the show, the couple discusses their differences, then the blind dates are brought on, and each person describes — in detail — how wonderful it was to go out with somebody else. Then they separately reveal their decisions— Should I Stay or Should I Go? — and the game show is won if they both make the same decision.

Eating cold pizza amid empty Coke cans (with "college cliché" tattooed on our foreheads), my friends and I channel-surfed into the middle of an episode, just in time to hear about Ocean's date with Malika. Ocean was about the size of a linebacker and wearing tinted sunglasses. Indoors. Malika had heavily lined lips and glitter-sprinkled cleavage which she seemed to have purchased a size too large. Next to them was

being whose name escapes me, not being as memorable as "Ocean" or "Malika." Seems that these two had one hot date, which consisted of a gym workout, a dance club (Ocean: "She was all rubbing her butt against me while we was dancing"), and the obligatory first-blind-TV-date sex. Malika noted happily that, "I could tell he liked me because I was thin and looked good." So imagine our surprise when Ocean revealed his choice, "Stay Together," despite Malika's six-pack and glittery boobs. His girlfriend, however, had a "Change of Heart" And they seemed like such winners!

Stunned by this turn of events, the occupants of the J1 lounge sat riveted as a second episode came on. This next couple had some serious problems — namely, that she wasn't getting enough sex or money ("I just want someone more... corporate"), and that he didn't have enough time to work on his music. The woman, whose Gilbert Gottfried teeth made her resemble a tapeworm, described her blind date as "...a 20 on a scale of 1 to 10." She seemed very proud of herself for coming up with this one. **According to Tapeworm lady, you're a "20" if you grope your date all night, introduce her to people as "the wife,"** and come across on national TV as slightly oilier than Saga pizza. Throughout her entire description of the date, Sensitive Musician Guy seemed on the verge of tears. I was on the verge of tears, thinking that five more minutes of this

woman's Energizer-powered squeaking would drive me over the edge. I was even starting to feel bad for the Amazing Plastic Host Man. But then it was Musician Guy's turn. His date was a slightly conservative Jessica Rabbit with the "sultry" knob on full blast. She, apparently, was thrilled with his Elvis Costello glasses, didn't mind his broken-down car, and, having "dated musicians before," offered to pay for dinner. Squeaky Teeth Woman seemed to find all of this incredibly, incredibly funny.

The tension in the J1 lounge was unbearable. We could barely concentrate on the detergent commercial with the dancing army men. The obnoxiously silly lovers, whom we wouldn't tolerate for an iota of a second in "real life," had us riveted.

Finally, the moment of truth. Tapeworm lady, after mentioning once again that her blind date was "perfect in every way," revealed her decision to "Stay Together" with Musician Boy. (If anyone else is baffled by this train of logic, do let me know.) And Sensitive Musician boy — who was accused by this woman of having a low sex drive on national television — booted Jessica Rabbit off his lap and chose to "Stay Together." We had a winner! Their prize? A romantic date, together. I'm sure they're the envy of all their friends.

Now, you might ask, wasn't this inevitable? After all, would anybody else want to date these losers?

The answer is, I don't know. But either way, people will watch. Oh yes— people will watch.

C



by Karl Moore

In my few fleeting moments of consciousness this weekend, I had an epiphany: Rap is a genre woefully underrepresented in *The Omen*; that all changes now- here are a few profiles of artists at the forefront of this amazing, engaging art form.

Mystikal



Given Name: Michael Tyler

Label: No Limit

Like his literary analogue, David Foster Wallace, Mystikal's work can seem overwhelming when first experienced.

Mystikal's brisk

cadence and eternally roaring voice bowl the listener over, as Wallace's penchant for minutiae and pedantry do the reader.

Key Verse: "I fly past ya like you're movin' backwards, You fuckin' good for nothin', no talent, non-rappin' bastard! I can tell you outta breath, like asthma, I can see clean through ya like CASPER!!!" -"Mr. Shit Talker"

DMX



Given Name: Earl

Simmons-

Label: Ruff Ryders / Interscope

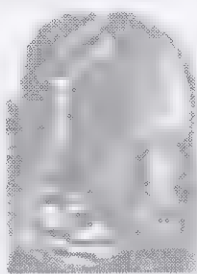
Imagine, if you will, the most talented minds in modern theatre gathered around a table in some coffeeshop in the Village, sipping espresso and exchanging bon mots: Tom

Stoppard is there, as is Christopher Durang. DMX, though not technically a playwright, has every right to be seated alongside them. All three of "Dark Man" X's albums have been packed with skits of **ferocious urban drama laced with wicked humor that attempts to make sense of the artistic wasteland of post-modernity.**

An accomplished actor, X can be seen in Hype Williams' *Belly* as well as the current Jet Li fracture-fest *Romeo Must Die*.

Key Verse: "Hit the bitches, went out I could make the crime And when it's on we transform like Optimus Prime." -"Get At Me Dog"

Trick Daddy



Given Name: Maurice Young-

Label: Slip-N-Slide

Camus and Sartre would have killed for

Trick Daddy's ability to lay bare the bleak, lonely facts of being human. Trick's agonized, short-of breath delivery delivers more existential angst than in all 223 page of *The Stranger*. Trick also accomplishes the Herculean feat of staying current while never straying far from his roots; witness his most celebrated release, www.thug.com.

Key Verse: "I lost a homie in the struggle right, and just the other night, some brother tried to take my

Karl Moore is B.F. Thompson

Mack Attack

dog's life." -"Hold On"

Juvenile

Given Name: Terius Grey



Label: Cash Money

Simple, Powerful, and Direct - Juvenile

makes carrying Hemingway's torch look easy. 400 Degreez is one of the crucial recordings of the twentieth century, showcasing extraordinary feats accomplished by a man and a beatbox. Listen to Coltrane and Davis all you like; neither *Blue Trains* nor *Bitches Brew* even approach Juve's simple, seemingly effortless virtuosity.

Key Verse: "Your face was on the news last night, ha? You the one that robbed them little dudes out they shoes last night, ha? You don't go in the projects when it's dark, ha? You claim you thug and you ain't got no heart, ha?" -"Ha"

Master P

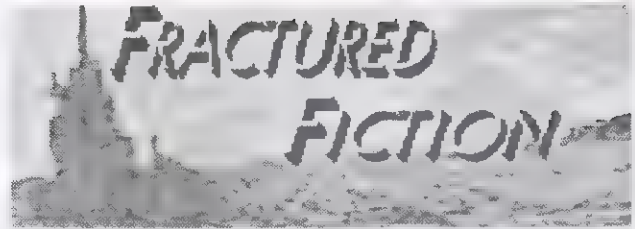
Given Name: Percy Miller



Label: No Limit (Founder)-

The concept of the Renaissance man has weathered a fair amount of misuse throughout the twentieth century- the term used to mean virtuosity in several fields, now it represents a hyphenated dilettantism: witness the actress-model, the actor-director, the singer-songwriter. No Limit CEO Master

Who Do You Believe?



by Michael "Benni" Pierce

The new Viridian model taxi flashed overhead. Still smoke. Still expensive. Still rude. How far have we really come?

"So how long have you driven taxis?"

"Two years."

"Do you plan on driving taxis all your life?"

"Are you a cop?"

"Do you plan on driving taxis all your life? Yes or no?"

"Dude. Fuck you." The taxi dropped to the ground. "Get out. Get the fuck out of my cab. You people make me sick."

"Nice try, but you get me wrong friend—I'm not a cop. I just work for the Census Bureau." And he exited the taxi.

As the cab gained altitude into the sky, the driver muttered to himself, "What a freak ... just trying to keep—" The small hammer snapped the fuse and the balance was broken. The chemicals flowed and the combustion commenced. Result? Explosion.

Lawrence Nicholson

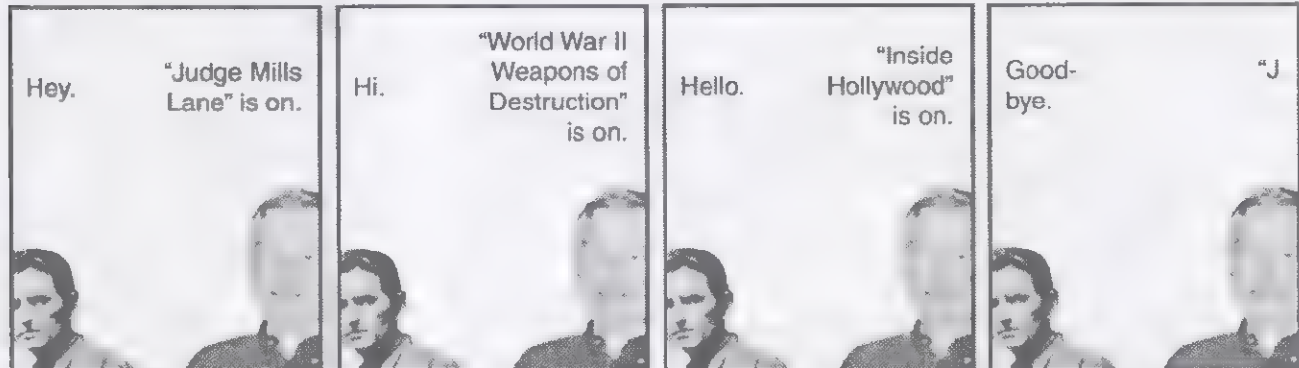
glanced overhead at the burning cab as it crashed into oncoming traffic. Pieces fell to the Earth, startling on-lookers (at least those who bothered to notice), scaring young children, scattering pets.

"As I was saying, I work for the Census Bureau, and you won't be needing a census form this year—scratch one taxi driver."

It has always been said that those in power who regulate and record and distribute the facts to the public are the ones in control. What we hear is what we know. What we know is not necessarily what is correct.

Oh, Mumford! by B. T. Johnston

by Neil Golden



by Jacob Chabot



P breaks the mold; not only an accomplished musician, businessman, athlete, and film auteur, P is also a philanthropist, having donated substantial portion of his millions to the Master P Foundation, dedicated to lifting urban children out of poverty via a network of basketball camps across the South.

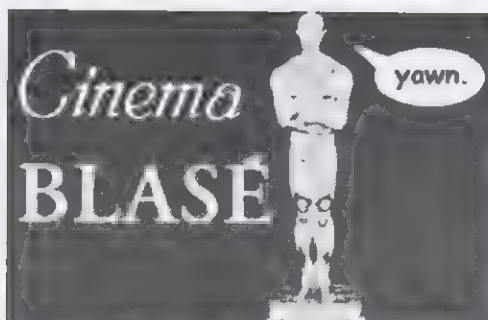
Key Verse: "I'm the captain you're the Crunch/you got the dinner I got lunch / hit the weed pass the blunt/your eyes red you got the munch'." -"Hoody-Hoo"

This isn't your father's Snoop Dogg. Modern rap is a system of feuding fiefdoms- cliques usually but not always joined by label affiliation. I've not even mentioned other crucial artists, like Eminem and the inimitable Busta Rhymes. For more information consult one of the many fine publications featuring or including the genre- *The Source*, *XXL*, *Rap Pages*, and *Word Up!* to name a few.

Stay sexy, Hampshire.

Benni Pierce is Pepe Enrique

31 March, 2000 Page 27



by Wade Stuckwisch

Before I get into the movie reviews, I'd like to address a more serious issue. A few weeks ago in the context of *The Omen* I did something that was very immature and hurtful. At the time I thought it was funny, and tried to justify it, but now I realize that my behavior was completely out of line. With that said, I'd like to apologize to the Forward's movie reviewer for referring to her as "fuckface." I should have been more respectful of my fellow movie reviewers and their opinions. Although I still say that no matter what you think, you have to put *American Beauty* and *The Sixth Sense* into any list of the year's top 10. Especially one that included *The Matrix*—I mean, really...

Pitch Black: O.K., so it definitely wasn't the most original movie, and it wasn't the most

Wade Finally Sees a Movie!

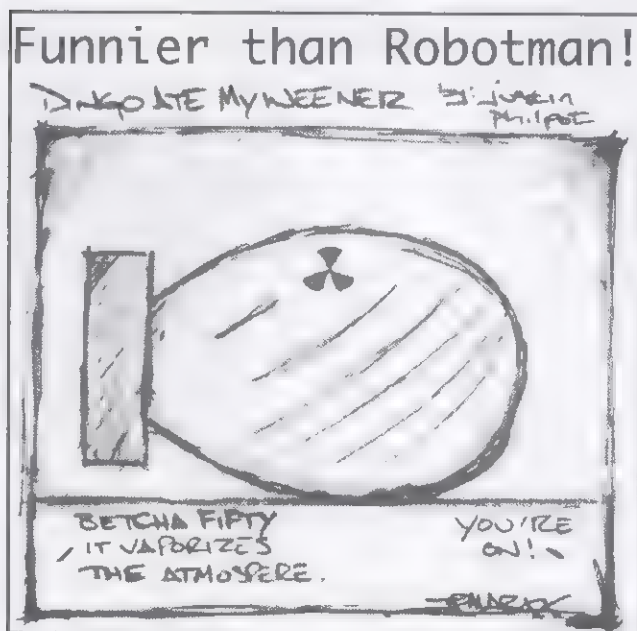
thought provoking movie, but for what it was, it was a fun flick. The script and the characters were good, even if they were a little shallow, and the movie looked interesting. I think **the themes of exposure, helplessness, and the cruelty of nature would have been communicated better if the lead actress had gone topless at least once.** Fans of the "Bad Muthafucka" genre will probably like this movie the most, all because of Vin Diesel. I mean, he can see in the dark, he shaves his head with a shiv and axle grease, and he gets to deliver lines like, "Of course I believe in God. I hate the fucker." On the Shaft scale I give Vin Diesel a 6.5. But all in all, I pity the slugs.

The Ninth Gate: If you enjoyed Stigmata and End of Days, you will hate this movie. If you liked other Roman Polanski flicks like *Chinatown* and *Rosemary's Baby*, you'll still probably hate this movie. Me, I liked it, but I'll probably have to put in on the list of movies that only I like, (along with SFW and *Glory Daze*). In this movie, Johnny Depp

looks at books and smokes a lot of Lucky Strikes. That's pretty much the whole flick. Oh, and there's some demon sex and fire at the end. It's like a cross between *Chinatown*, *Rosemary's Baby*, and *Eyes Wide Shut*, only not as good and boring as sin. But like I said, I liked it...

Dog Park: If you love *The Kids in the Hall* like I love *The Kids in the Hall*, you're probably wondering, when *The Kids in the Hall* split a six-pack, who gets the sixth beer? Oh, and you probably won't think *Dog Park* is that great, despite the fact that it was written and directed by Bruce McCullough. It's a quirky little romance but it never gets very interesting or engaging despite all the plot twists. Mark McKinney is great as a dog psychiatrist, though. I'd like to see Bruce McCullough do a full-length movie along the lines of one of those nutty shorts he did for *The Kids in the Hall*. Now that would be a trip.

The Dreamlife of Angels: Here's how to make a good French film: keep it simple, find a story and characters that are relatively common and get the audience engaged in their story. Then give the movie an incredibly ostentatious title. Example: *The Dreamlife of Angels*. Two young, poor working-class girls try to make it in the big city. Drama and tragedy ensues. A great, simple, but beautiful and passionate film. But jeez...angels? That's a bit much. Whatever, it's a fitting title. And unlike most movies directed by men about poor women, none of the women in the movie are prostitutes. Now that's original (especially for the French).



The Red Flag Can Suck My Ass

by Gabriel McKee


The Red Flag has graced our campus with yet another sensationalized article, this time a history of Hampshire's administration. The article—like the two preceding it—does little but reveal that there have always been students who despise the administration because they don't understand what its job is.

The administration's role is, first and foremost, to keep Hampshire College open. This is primarily a question of money—how much is being spent vs. how much is coming in (this, for those who don't know, is why tuition is so high). Hampshire's students and faculty, as the article points out, often want things that the administration won't let them have—a union, a community center. But if the students and faculty (if we must speak of them as a monolithic entity) always got what they wanted, the school would close within three years. It simply wouldn't be able to afford to remain functioning.

Thus the Red Flag's statement that it is natural for the Trustees—identified, of course, as members of a social class rather than as individuals—to “run Hampshire College as a typical business” is somewhat flawed. They run Hampshire, by necessity, as a *failing* business. They need to take risks to bring in the money necessary to keep the school open. The obvious counter-argument to this is that the administration spends money on things it wants and denies things the community wants. And there are cases where this is true—Adele Simmons' inauguration sounds like it was a bit too expensive, to cite just one

example. But many of the things the Red Flag complains about—the Barry Moser Bible, the Multi-Sport Center, etc.—were calculated risks intended to bring more money to the college, to keep it open and eventually to make it more affordable. The Multi-Sport, according to the Red Flag (and unfortunately I have no other sources at my disposal at the moment), has thus far been a failure. But the Bible was not—as those at the All-Community meeting last month heard, the Center for the Book has already received \$20,000 (which has grown to \$30,000 through, presumably, investments) that it would not have received if the school had not purchased the \$9,000 tome. And the Center has an excellent chance of bringing a good deal more money to the school. **The President's job is to take risks—as the saying goes, one must spend money to make money.**

And thus the college hired Krukowski & Associates to examine Hampshire's recruitment policies with the hope of increasing the applicant pool. The Red Flag declares that the very idea of Hampshire going to this firm, which told Hampshire it could increase its applicant pool by publishing “non-ideological” admissions packets and presenting itself as academically challenging, is counter to Hampshire's ideals. This is ridiculous—the school's ideals mean nothing if it has no students and no money. (And it ignored many of the suggestions anyway.)

The real idea behind the Red Flag's position on the Administration's role comes from an all-too-common misconception about Hampshire itself. This assumption, simply put, is that Hampshire, since most of its students are politically left-of-center, should take the most liberal stance available on every campus, national and global issue. There is nothing inherent in Hampshire's structure that requires every President, Trustee, student and faculty member to be pro-union, pro-choice, or pacifist. The fact that Hampshire's community has historically been liberal is largely a coincidence—some would argue that Hampshire's approach to education, with its emphasis on individualism and self-determination, could just as easily attract mostly conservative students. And there are conservatives here, as well as liberal students who do not feel that the administration should be criticized at its every turn. It is fine to be a left-wing student at Hampshire, just as it is fine to be right-wing. It is not acceptable to assume that the entire school should act according to your political opinions. Plurality of opinion is what is vital to Hampshire's spirit, not mass acceptance of one belief or another. If things were as the Red Flag would have it, and the students were able to selfishly decide on everything Hampshire did, the college would quickly close. The administration knows what it is doing, and no revisionist history can convince me that it is “anti-Hampshire”—without the administration, Hampshire  wouldn't exist.

Section ZOLE

Breasts

by Michael Zole

For a moment, all external stimulus melted away, and they found themselves alone in the train station.

"Will I ever see you again, Amanda?"

She stood in thought for a moment before speaking.

"Yes, Christopher – if not as a physical being, then as a memory, for time is merely GAAAAAAAACK" because she was eaten by locusts.

I have come here for one reason and one reason only: to review the Bloodhound Gang's new album *Hooray for Boobies*. Here's the short review: it's very good, and you should buy it.

Perhaps some of you would like more depth than that. Very well. The Bloodhound Gang are a band (or a segment on "3-2-1 Contact", but I'm talking about the band) known for busting Caucasian rhymes and being more offensive than South Park. Their motto is "No reason to live, but we like it that way", and it shows.

A little history: Their first album, *Use Your Fingers* (released on Cheese Factory/Underground/Columbia/Sony, a chain of command that unnerves me) was essentially a string of white boy rap songs performed by co-vocalists Jimmy Pop and Daddy Long Legs. The album did very poorly, and I think I know why: *every song is basically the same*. The samples are different in each song, but the lyrics always consist of (a) assertions that the Bloodhound Gang have engaged in sexual acts with your girlfriend

and/or mother, or (b) assertions that the Bloodhound Gang have the ability to rhyme words. After *Use Your Fingers*, most of the band left, leaving Jimmy Pop and guitarist Lupus to put together a new band, this time with a bassist and drummer and everything. The full-band set up resulted in a more alt-rock sound on the next Bloodhound gang album, *One Fierce Beer Coaster* (Cheese Factory/Republic/Geffen/Your Mom). **This is the album that spawned such truth-telling hit singles as "Fire Water Burn" and "I Wish I Was Queer So I Could Get Chicks",** which you may remember from back when you used to listen to the alternative radio station. (Oh, don't even act like you didn't.)

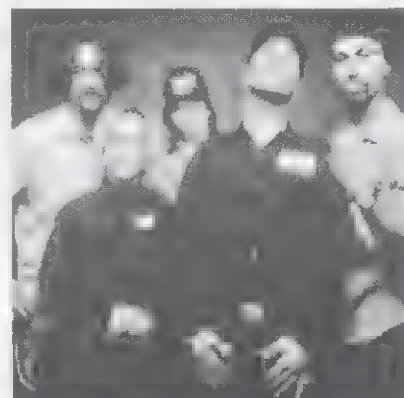
Then the Bloodhound Gang suffered the fate of so many other "alternative artists": they took for-freakin'-ever to put out another album. On the streets of our great nation's cities (also Germany and Australia, where BHG are inexplicably popular), people were asking "Hey, remember the Bloodhound Gang? Whatever happened to them?" But surely enough, 1999 saw the completion of a new album, *Hooray For Boobies* (Geffen/Interscope/Time Warner/America Online).

Notice I say "completion", but not "release". Due to a legal issue with a Pink Floyd sample, *Hooray For Boobies* had to be delayed until 2000 so the offending sample could be removed and the

line changed to "All in all, you're just another dick with no balls". (I like the idea that Pink Floyd's lawyers probably had to use the phrase "Hooray For Boobies" in a legal context.) I bought it the day it came out (the funny look from the clerk at Newbury Comics was worth it), and though it's a bit overproduced at times, I can confirm that the Bloodhound Gang have not lost their edge.

So, *Hooray For Boobies* is here, and as Jimmy Pop says, "Like my scrotum, here it is in a nutshell." Where to start? Well, the title is probably the truest human sentiment ever expressed in Western music. Forget Ani DiFranco, forget Nine Inch Nails; this is social commentary that runs deep. Take, for example, the track "Mope." For a song about having nothing to do and nothing to say, "Mope" is very well put together: the bridge seamlessly blends samples by Metallica and Frankie Goes To Hollywood, the intro has Jimmy Pop saying "We gonna drop this bomb for a money-makin' playa that ain't with us no mo'", namely Falco, and the breakdown has Jimmy Pop and DJ Q-Ball conversing with a crack-

continued on next page



The hottest boy band since the Backstreet Boys

Michael Zole is Peter Zimm

It's a Good Thing Pornsites Aren't 3-D

WHITE TRASH SATURDAY

by Mark Hugo

I used to be such a fucking nice guy. I felt guilty about everything I did and said. I obsessed over hurting people. I wondered if I'd be punished one day for all the trees that were cut down to make tissues for my masturbation habit. But not now. Not when the pervert is back.

So there I was in the school store, browsing through the magazine rack and what did my wandering eyes find? None other than the *Sports Illustrated Swimsuit Issue*. I told myself, "Well, this isn't porn (I've recently given up porn and become asexual)." Flipping through the pages of this fine publication, I learned many things about popular women's apparel, but we'll get back to that later. First, I ran through the top ten reactions to the 3-D swimsuit pictures. Don't worry. You can experience this for yourself. Since I used *Omen* funds to purchase the issue, I'm putting it on reserve at the library so the people can stop by and read it.

10. Hee hee hee (incessant giggling).

9. What do you think is under there? Sand!

8. Why can't I see around these damn papaya leaves!? No! Not even if I tilt it!

7. Oh no! She's throwing her hat! Better duck!

6. She's wearing Wolverine boots! And they're in my face!

5. Look at the texture of the leaves!

4. She has a condom next to her boobie!

3. She is jumping so high!

2. Why is there an ad for Universal Studios?

1. The water is frothy, no?

Okay, I have to be honest. I didn't learn much from this magazine. Besides the fact that I don't understand much stuff from Cosmo based culture, I couldn't tell what the target audience was for this swimsuit issue. Sure, it's for men, but why are half of the articles about where you can buy these suits? So if anyone can explain this without using the phrase "power dynamics" or anything with the word "construct" then stop by or give me a call. Until next time Hampshire.

continued from previous page

smoking Pac-Man. And you can't argue with lyrics like "Bugging out like Tori Spelling's eyes / Deader than the parents on Party of Five". It's bizarre, it's frightening, and it's really good.

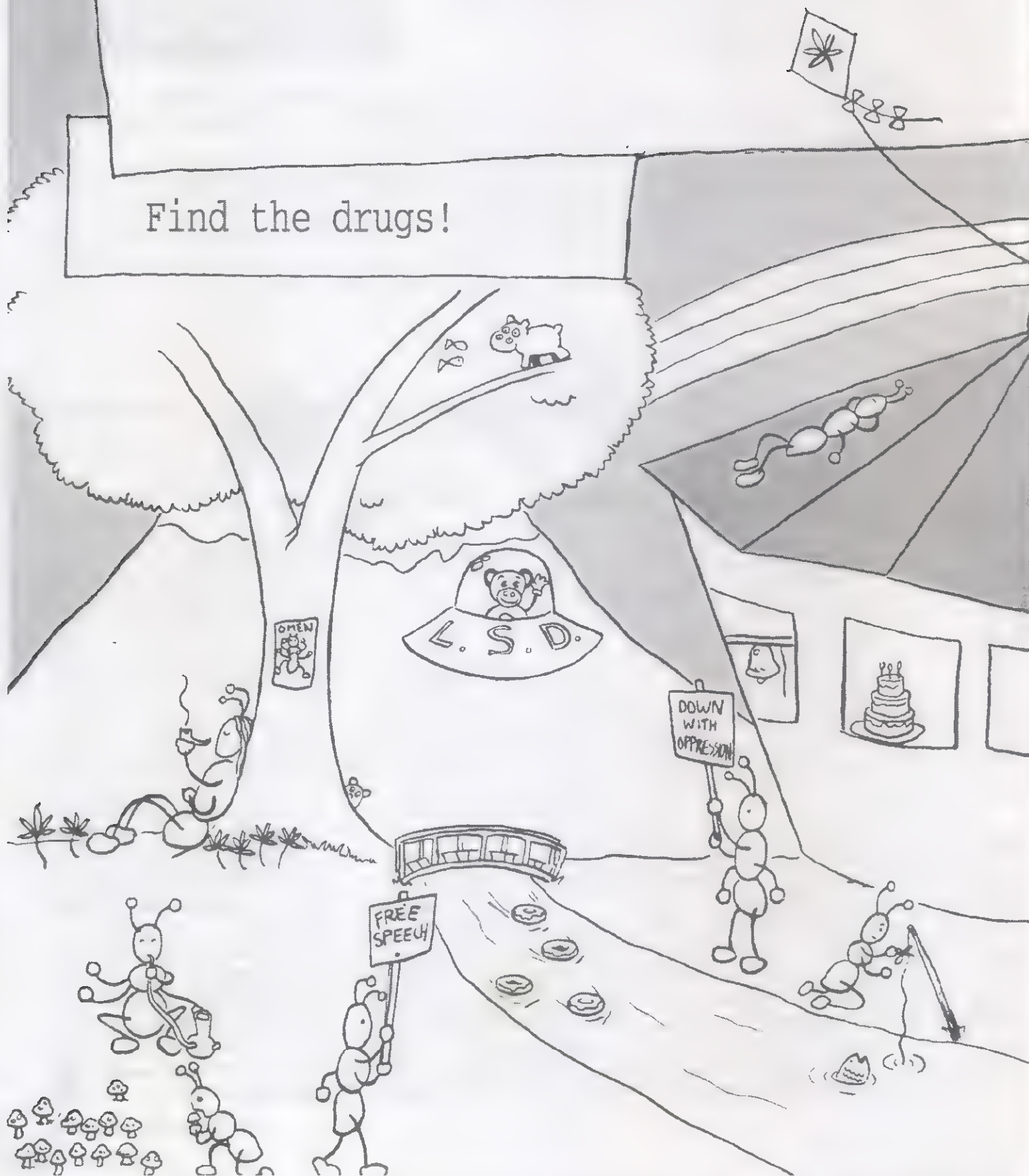
Now, here's the thing: the Bloodhound Gang tend to be really offensive (in the vein of The Kids in the Hall, perhaps, with fewer gay jokes). So you might want to stay away from *Hooray For Boobies* if you are offended by playful misogyny and lines such as "Soul for sale sold to Satan for a hell of a lot of luck / I'm hard to come by like a straight guy working at Starbucks". But then, maybe that's

the kick in the pants that Hampshire needs. Maybe we need the Bloodhound Gang to play a show on our campus, closing with "Yellow Fever", the song that Geffen wisely decided to remove from *One Fierce Beer Coaster*. I think our campus would either spontaneously combust or develop a sense of humor. I'm all for it.

An addendum for those of you who have been following the *Omen* Video Game System Debate: Some of my friends have suggested that I respond to Karl Moore's article in the previous *Omen* which was, in turn, a rebuttal to my article from two *Omens* ago. But the way I see it, Mr. Moore took time out of

his CS Div I on "Missing The Point Entirely" to write that article, so why argue about it? I will say this, though: the point of my pro-Dreamcast article was *not* that Sony fans should stop kissing Sony's ass and start kissing Sega's ass. My point was that Sony fans should just stop kissing ass, because that's not what video games are about. (For those who thought that I was kissing Sega's ass... that is not the case. Sorry.) I just have to wonder why an article in a magazine with a circulation of less than 700 was judged to be a threat to Sony's market share. Ah well... *Resident Evil: Code Veronica* for the Dreamcast comes out this week.

Find the drugs!



The Nemo Is Real ...
Real AWESOME!

MICHAEL ZIMM'S ROOM, ENFIELD-
This is Michael Zimm, back
working on the NEMO again. My
fear from last issue was only
PARTIALLY confirmed. It turns
out that everyone on the NEMO
staff was an OMEN writer in
disguise, EXCEPT FOR ME. I am
real. I am actually Michael
Zimm, and though the original
photograph of me turned out
to be GAY PORN!, I AM a real
person. The photo above is my
real picture. Feel free to
look it up in the Frogbook.
Notice the lack of mustache.
Notice the respectable ex-
pression. THAT is the REAL
me.

And, likewise, this is finally the REAL NEMO. I have wrestled it away from the perverted mits of the OMEN HOOLIGANS, and I will now continue to produce Hampshire's Inspirational and



by BF Thompson, who is some Omen writer in disguise.

P3, DAKIN - What's this kooky LSD everyone's talking about? I can't enjoy my Tofutti Cutie in Saga without someone mentioning some acid wackiness. I bought a couple of doses ("shots" as they're known on the street) from some smelly guy. I promptly cooked up and shot both of them about five minutes ago.

Well, this is disappointing. I'm not even feeling slightly buuuuuuee rd.Wata ripoff! SSSSSHHhhhhhhhiit cost me fortyy gifddamn dollars. GGGGguuuuuunna writttte strong lettterre to Congrsmnamna! Barbarrina hoord! An army uf this magnitude' peposterposterous! Purl Herbor plaes in this dayanage! Geeet a gripp; hafta outsmart the basteerrdds.. AH! lanflankflankflankflank! Bleed! Bjork meeeeeeets anrmy of me! HehehehehengjkbN Himna behavior..huns bhevr;. Why on plenat? Greencgrocer.,... Not a [prrettyy sight!Hjweopdf Lofdng? EYE! Blutoj PPPOOPEye metch ouufa century : ahhh spifeer bitre on thee pepar! Fiurst thing to do id sivbk oot da vnom. You;ll wan to sterilize the woun d first, using ei-ther a hot needle of great wax; then when its congealed;. ppicl itodff! Gbiltee pressure!

modi: office proce-
pon poorn! Bmenber Shadowrun fer the Super Nintedo? Iss

Hampshire's Inspirational and Informational News Journal
... solo. I know it's a lot to take on, but I've flown solo before.

And NOW THE NEMO WILL GO ON.

Oh yeah, and Frank Costella is real too. He's a fabulous artist, and we'll be spending a lot of late nights in my room, hammering out issues of the NEMO. I love that guy.

Pop poopp! Rmenber Shadowrun fer the Super Nintedo? Iss ccooooo!l! Heeera code 4448798798798564 gotttit? Dideeee eet hizzown ahhole!? .Thouhf I frown on consuming one;s own rectum, it wouldbbe amicaaaarrige of jetivce weer therce mwn to behn fore ttrh crimes.

To Wit:

"Altoo Ther hermayf g gg, th mfsjsjgpoi, King-Kong balis neccatate gheruigh Woop!"

-SCERRY!

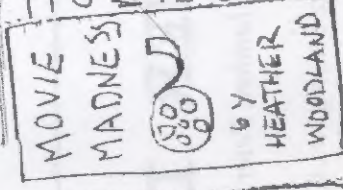
Whether Ronald Mcdolanl d
waus a spy we'll
nevkrnow' akll
thet metters now is the
chillren,

Wll einhjan,

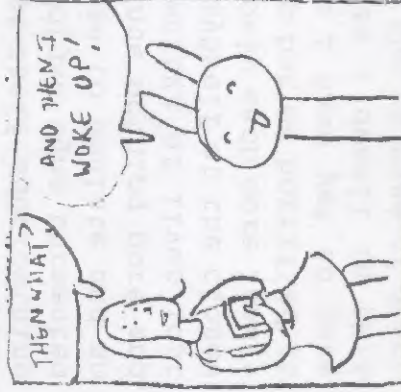
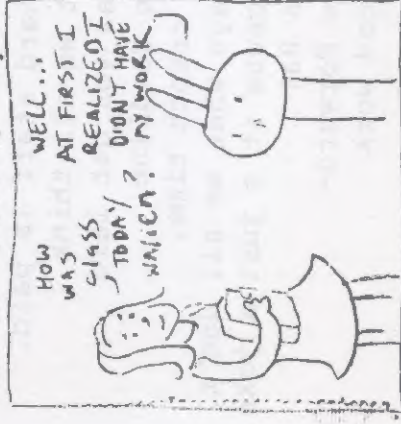
Heaven to Betty by Frank Costella and Michael Zimm



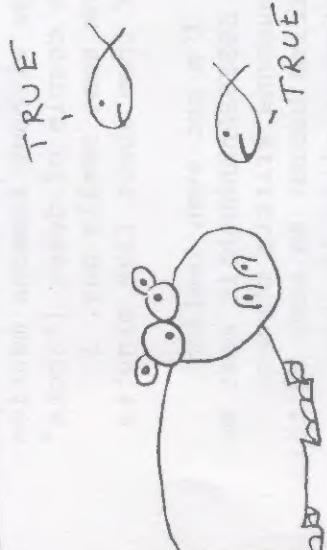
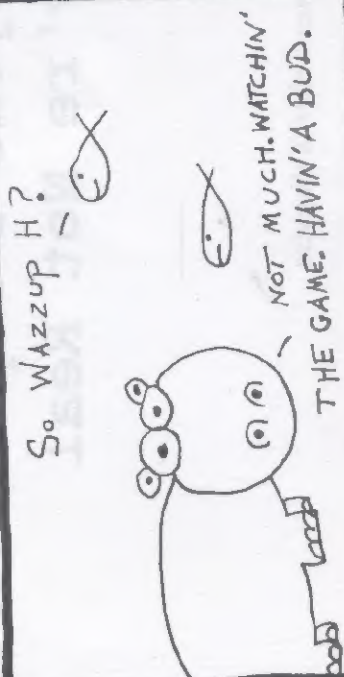
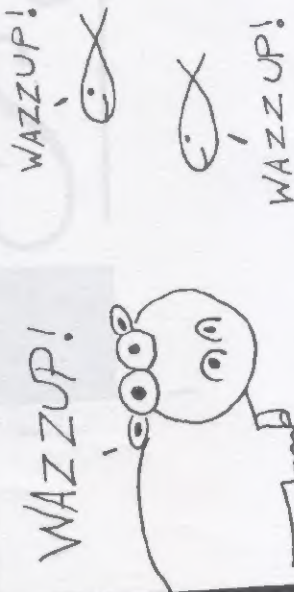
COMIC CORNER



Round + Round by Frank Costella, Graphic Artist

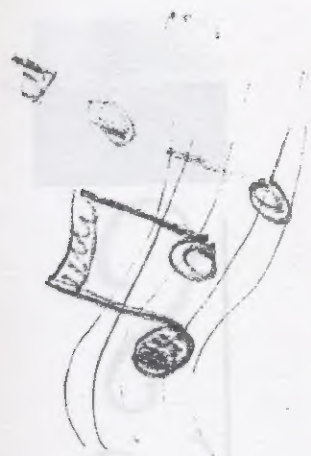


2 FISHES & A HIPPO



B. F. Thompson Plays The Hits

by BF Thompson (still Omen writer)



Remember all those great television theme songs from the 80's? I do! And I'm going to teach you how to play them, right here in the Nemo!

Knight Rider - Do Do Do Do Do Do Do Do Do Do Do Do Do Do Do Do
Do Do (9x)
Dallas-do DAAAAA do DAAAA do DAAAAA da da da da da da da da
da da DAAAA!
Macgyver- bam bam bam bam bam bam bam bam BAM bam BAM bam
bam bam
Airwolf - dee dee dee DEE DEE dee dee dee dee DEE
dee dee dee dee de
A-Team- DUM dut DUM dut dut dut dut DUM dut DUM dut DUM
dut dut dut dut DUM
Mission: Impossible- doooooooooooooooooooooDO DO
DOOOOOP! Bowp Bowp Bowp Bowp Bowp
Quantum Leap: Dan Dan Dan DAN Dan Dan Dan Dan Dan Dan
DAN Dan DAN

Play the music! It's cool!

community center	Monday April 3	Tuesday May 4	Wednesday April 5	Thursday April 6	Friday April 7	Weekend April 8 & 9
	Hump Day	Abolish community Council	I + Will Rain	Tuesday is funnie	Fish DAY At SAGA	Church on Sunday

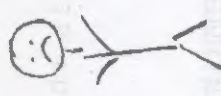
SAGA! Sunday

330 FPH

by Pepe Enrique

I love you.

Do you love me?



Please! Please!

(I wanna hold you)



for Herbert McElvett

A Little Song

PEPE ENRIQUE

(MAY BE A FORWARD WRITER)

F is for my favorite and the
O is for "Oh my" the
R is for so righteous and the
W for why?

(Because we love you)
A is for not always
although they always try. Another
R's redundant! The
D is for survive!!

(Because we need you)
Forward! Forward! Forward!
You mean so much to me!
Drive the cattle forward
So that we may see
What you do is what you say
Since the Forward staff is paid.
Nevermind what we all think
Just as long as you get laid
Out before the deadline.
In before the crunch time.
The Forward says what we all don't,
But that's because it's just a joke.
(Ha Ha Ha Ha)
Ah we love you Forward-
Keep up the good work

MY BROTHER IS HEALTHY

by my brother, Peter Zimm, who is also real, though adopted.

i woke up thiosqe mortning withap ounding headacbe
znd bottles of boozeall;ar ound me why dear god
havee yiou put mndethrou thix hell nighthts of scjm
screamingh passion folloswed by inevitabole decline
into a world of mysterious endless pain i try to
break out but my own hanmdzx have me bound and i
cannot run there is no escape just aself-sdotloathing
please make it stop haglagahasldfgsa tghe tormented
cries of lost souls i ohnce chose to emulate and am
now paying for my sin of ignorance nothing pure and
new but stale old rotten remnawnrtzx of lives lost
to the pits among which i fiond my5self at the closew
of every hiour whihc ticks by slowly each more lslowly
than the last until i cannot help but me horrified at
my self for the gtransgresiojns i have yet to make
that will keep me forevermore as i dweell in this
self-imposed asylum and ache for the release of death